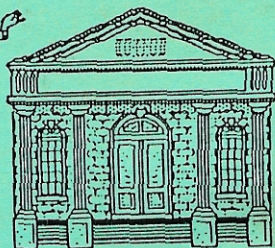


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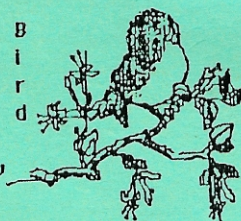
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Music Man



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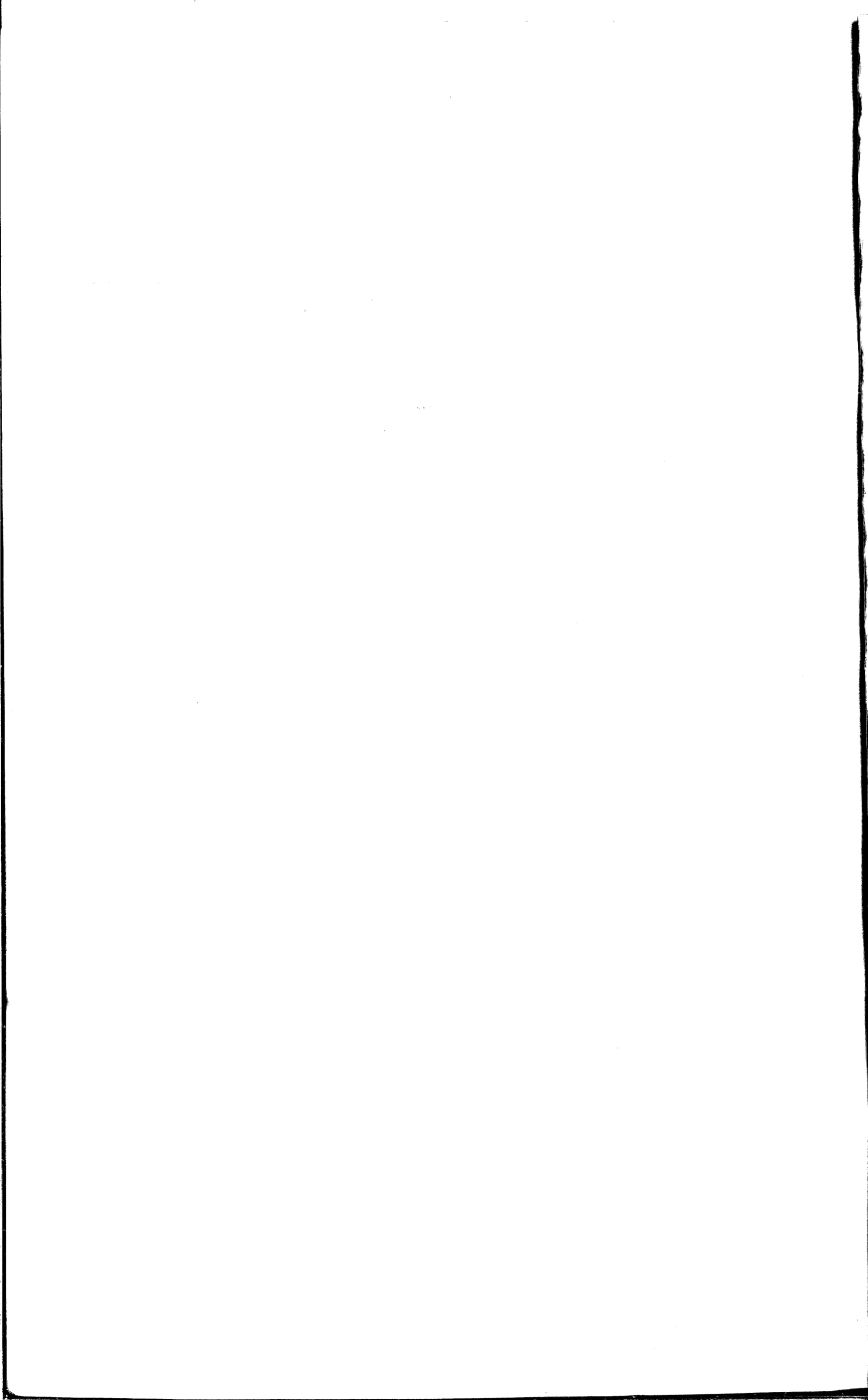
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Oomigooley Bird



Old Macdonald's Farm



Jacksing

by

Sharkey Ward

**Published by Upgrog
Publishing**

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Introduction

During my service in HM Forces I have accumulated a compilation of various songs. The songs vary from shanties to mess deck songs; from Rugby songs to pub favourites, from barrack room ballads to campaign songs.

In 1979, perhaps further inspired by the musical nature of most pubs in the form of the ceilidh bands, I began a half-hearted project in Arbroath . Unfortunately, after only half a dozen entries, the collection was lost.

Now that I have left HM Forces, with more time on my hands, I have been able to take the project much further.

Some of the songs I have not heard for some time which indicates that they are in danger of being forgotten completely as they lose their appeal to the younger servicemen. They therefore need recording before they are lost to posterity. Many have not been published before, some have migrated to and from the Rugby community which of course flourishes within the Forces. The songs are bawdy, crude, disrespectful, sometimes patriotic, more often treasonable and contain the inevitable swear words intrinsic to service life.

The entire collection is subjective and I have either heard or sung all of them myself during my service career and they are therefore personal favourites. Many of the songs I have recalled from memory, some I have had assistance from friends in the Forces, one or two are my own compositions entirely. The pub favourites and indeed the hymns are traditional yet I would include them in any collection of songs I love to sing simply because they are evocative, nostalgic and patriotic. Many of the songs I have not seen in print before.

Some are obviously well known melodies in their own right but others as far as I know are original melodies. It is the latter I feel should have an accompanying score so that if the song book is used as I envisage, a pianist or guitarist could easily pick up the tune. In the near future I will be printing a version with music scores for each song.

I am currently advertising in service journals to add yet more titles and forgotten verses. I hold another 20 or so titles which I know exist but will need help from friends to complete. Should any of you have any contributions, I would gratefully include them in a second edition and would consider a free copy and acknowledgement for the contributor.

Three Badge Bootneck

Sung to the melody of "Ghost riders in the sky"

A three badge bootneck went up to Smoke one dark
and windy day,
He stopped to rest in Hyde Park as he was on his way
He saw a sight before his eyes, a band of forty whores,
He looked again my friends and none were wearing
drawers, wearing drawers, wearing drawers.

He went up to the first one, she said "It's half a crown"
And in a flash old Royal had his nicks and trollies down
He had her in the tall grass, he had her good and fine,
He put the fear of Christ up the other thirty nine,
thirty nine, thirty nine.

He went back Monday morning to join the merry throng,
He had a piss and realised that there was something
wrong,
He went up to the Doctor and said "What have I got
here"?
He said "Cor blimey Royal, it looks like Gonorrhea"
Gonorrhea, Gonorrhea.

They drafted him to Haslar although he was not willing,
They gave him jabs to cure his scabs, they gave him
penicillin,
And much to his relief he was released within a week,
And now when he goes up to Smoke he only chases
Beef, chases Beef, chases Beef.

Teddy Bear's Picnic

If you go down to the woods today
You're in for a big surprise
If you go down to the woods today
You'll never believe your eyes
'Cos Mum and Dad are having a screw
Uncle Frank is having a wank
And Auntie D is having it off with granddad

Those angel bears have come on their bikes
All dressed in their leather gear
There's gallons of scrumps all green with lumps
And horrible Watney's beer
Now one of em' downed a pint of it quick
And then was promptly horribly sick
And filled up Paddington Bear's new wellies

Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major

Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant Major
Tuck me in my little wooden bed
We all love you, Sergeant Major
When we hear you calling - "Show a leg!"
Don't forget to wake me in the morning
And bring me a nice hot cup of tea.
Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant Major
Sergeant Major, be a mother to me.

The Mayor of Bayswater

The Mayor of Bayswater, he had a lovely daughter
And the hairs on her dicky dido hung down to her knee
One black one, one white one and one with a bit of shite on,
And the hairs on her dicky dido hung down to her knee

I've smelt it, I've felt it, it was just like a piece of velvet
And the hairs etc.

I've seen it, I've seen it, I've been in between it
And the hairs etc.

It would need a coalminer to find her vagina
And the hairs etc.

She lives on a mountain and pisses like a bloody fountain
And the hairs etc.

She lived in a lighthouse, which stank like a bloody
shitehouse
And the hairs etc.

She married an Italian with balls like a fucking stallion
And the hairs etc.

She went to Glamorgan, her cunt like a barrelorgan
And the hairs etc.

If she were my daughter, I'd make her cut 'em shorter
And the hairs etc

She lived on malted milkshake, and fucked like
a bloody rattlesnake
And the hairs etc.

She slept with a demon who flooded her with semen
And the hairs etc.

She stayed on a cattleranch
and shit like a bloody avalanche
And the hairs etc.

She pushed her wheelbarrow
through the streets broad and narrow
And the hairs etc.

And the hairs on her dicky dido
The hairs on her dicky dido
The hairs on her dicky dido
Hung down to her knee

A Fireplace

Sung to the melody of "My Blue Heaven"

A fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace
We'll build a fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace
We'll build a fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace
A fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace, a fireplace

ERNIE

You could hear his knackers pound as he raced
across the ground
And the clatter of his prick as it swung around
and round
As he galloped into Market Street he had no pants
or vest
His name was Ernie and he had the biggest chopper
in the West

Now Ernie fucked a widow, a lady known as Sue
Who said "I'd like to try it", he said "I bet you do"
They said she was too big for him she had it twice a week
Till Ernie flashed his chopper and all her flesh went weak
His name was Ernie and he had the biggest chopper in the
West

Now Ernie had a rival, an evil fucking man
Called one ball Ted from Teddington who drove the
Durex van
He tempted Sue with his featherlite, till he got his end
away
But all Ernie had to offer her was oats three times a day
Poor Ernie and he had the biggest chopper in the West

One morning Ernie saw Ted's van outside the widow's
door.
It drove him mad to see it still standing there at four
Poor Ernie he could not stand it, it made the bastard sick
So he smashed Ted's rotten windows with a great big
fucking brick

So Ted he ran outside, his eyes fixed on the brick
They stood there face to face and Ted went for his
prick
But Ernie was too fast for him it wasn't the way Ted
planned
And a hairy sweaty bollock sent it spinning from his
hand

Sue she ran between them and tried to keep them apart
But Ernie said "Fuck off you silly looking tart"
He twisted back to face Ted, ready to make his thrust
But a size ten spunk ball made him fall
And Ernie bit the dust

Ernie was only 22, he didn't want to die
But now he shags his arris in that brothel in the sky
Where there ain't any virgins he fucked them all by
force
And the syph in his left knacker pouch just goes from
bad to worse

But a woman's needs are manyfold, so Sue she slept
with Ted
And a strange thing happened in the night as they lay
in bed
Is it the trees a rustling or maybe even more
Like Ernie's ghostly chopper a banging at the door
They won't forget Ernie he had the biggest chopper
in the West

Gib Rib Song

Oh please Daddy won't you take me to Gibraltar
I want to see the Rock and the big baboons
I want to go out there at night
I want to see if what I've heard is right
I want to see if Gib Air can fly around the Moon

Chorus:

Eros, Tivoli, Spit Roast and Pulverin
Captain's Cabin, Lotti's Bar and Oliver Twist
Horseshoe and Devil's Tower, Chimney Corner after
hours
Four in the morning we shall all be shitters.

Oh please Daddy won't you take me down to Main Street
I want to spend a fortune in the flashy stores
I want to buy a postcard of a pretty Geisha looking neat
And if you tip her sideways she drops her drawers

Oh please Daddy won't you take me to the Eros
I want to see the lady without any clothes
I want to see Henry in his bra and panties
I don't know what they call him but I think he's one of
those

Oh please Daddy won't you take me to the Ape's Den
I want to see the Rock Apes large and small
They say that we shall leave the Rock
When there's no Rock Apes left in stock
I think I'll take a Bren Gun up and shoot them all

Oh please Daddy won't you take me back to England
I've had about enough of this Rock you know
I know I should be dutiful, but Henry's looking beautiful
And that's a certain sign that it's time to go

Rhode Island Red

Has anybody seen my cock,
My big Rhode Island Red,
He's mostly pink, with a little bit of blue,
And he's purple on his head (Cor Blimey),
He stands straight up in the morning,
And he gives my wife a shock,
Has anybody seen, anybody seen,
Anybody, anybody seen my cock?

He's a right big-headed little upstart,
The best you've ever seen
He could have got gonorrhea
Instead he got gangrene
He should have worn a condom
But the silly sod forgot
Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,
Has anybody seen my cock?

The British Soldier

Sung to the melody of "Kevin Barry"

In the station in the city a British soldier stood
Talking to the people there, as if the people would
Some just stared in hatred and others stared with pain
And the lonely British soldier wished that he was home
again

Come join the British Army said the posters in his town
Come see the world and have your fun
Come serve before the Crown
But jobs were hard to come by he could not face the dole
So he took his country's shilling and enlisted on the role

There was no fear of fighting, the Empire was long lost
Just ten years in the Army getting paid for being bossed
Retire a man experienced, a man who made the grade
A medal and a pension and for some there was a trade

Then came the call to Ireland as the call had come before
Another bloody chapter in an endless civil war
The priests they stood on both sides, the priests they
stood behind
Another fight in Jesus' name, the blind against the blind

The soldier stood between them, between the whistling
stones
And then the broken bottles that led to broken bones
The petrol bombs that burned his hands, the nails that
pierced his skin
And he wished he'd stayed at home surrounded by his kin

The station filled with people, the soldier soon was bored
But better in the station than where the people warred
The station filled with mothers, with daughters and with
sons

Who stared with itchy fingers at the soldier and his gun

A yell of fear, a screech of brakes, a shattering of glass
And the window of the station broke, to let the package
pass

A scream came from the mothers as they ran towards
the door

Dragging children crying and screaming from the bomb
upon the floor

The soldier stood, he could not move, his gun he could not
use

For he knew that there were seconds and not minutes on
the fuse

He could not run to pick it up or throw it in the street
There were far too many people, too many running feet

"Take cover" yelled the soldier "Take cover for your
lives"

The Irishmen threw down their young and stood before
their wives

They turned towards the soldier, their eyes alive with
fear

For God's sake save our children or they'll end their
short lives here

The soldier moved towards the bomb, his stomach like a
stone

Why was this his battle God, why was he alone
He lay down on the package and he murmured one
farewell

To those at home in England, to those he loved so well

He saw the sights of summer, felt the wind upon his
brow

The young girls in the city parks, how precious were
they now

The soaring of the swallow, the beauty of the swan
The moving of eternal earth, so soon it would be gone

A muffled soft explosion, and the room began to quake
The soldier blown across the room, his blood a crimson
lake

They never heard him cry or shout, they never heard
him moan

And they turned their children's faces from the blood and
from the bone

The crowds outside soon gathered, as the ambulances
came

To carry off the body of a pawn, lost to the game
The crowd clapped and jeered and sang their rebel songs
One soldier less to interfere, where he did not belong

But will the children growing up learn at their mother's
knee

The story of the soldier who bought their liberty
Who used his youthful body as a means toward the end
Who gave his life to those who called him murderer,
not friend

Happy Wank Song

*(Sung to the melody of "Happy Talk"
from South Pacific)*

Happy, happy, happy, happy wank
Nice girls wear their pubes in a fringe
If you don't have a crow
You got to have a crow
How you gonna make wet dreams come true

As I Was Walking

As I was walking through a wood
I shit myself I knew I would
I cried for help but no help came,
And so I shit myself again.

As I was walking through Saint Pauls
The vicar grabbed me by the balls
I cried for help but no help came
And so he grabbed my balls again

As I lay sleeping in the grass
Some bastard rammed it up my ass
I cried for help but no help came
And so he rammed it up again

There were two crows up in a tree,
As black as black as crows could be,
Said one black crow unto the other,
"You are a black enamel fucker"

Who's that knocking at my door

Who's that knocking at my door, who's that knocking
at my door who's that knocking at my door,
said the fair young maiden

It's only me from over the sea, said Barnacle Bill
the sailor, it's only me from over the sea,
said Barnacle Bill the sailor

I'll come down and let you in, I'll come down and let you in,
I'll come down and let you in, said the fair young maiden

Open the door you fucking old whore, said Barnacle Bill
the sailor
Open the door you fucking old whore, said Barnacle Bill
the sailor

You can sleep upon the floor You can sleep upon the floor
You can sleep upon the floor, said the fair young maiden

Bugger the floor it ain't no whore, said Barnacle Bill the
sailor
Bugger the floor it ain't no whore, said Barnacle Bill the
sailor

You can sleep upon the mat You can sleep upon the mat
You can sleep upon the mat, said the fair young maiden

Bugger the mat I can't fuck that, said Barnacle Bill
the sailor, bugger the mat I can't fuck that,
said Barnacle Bill the sailor

You can sleep upon the stairs You can sleep upon the stairs
You can sleep upon the stairs, said the fair young maiden

Bugger the stairs it's got no hairs, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Bugger the stairs it's got no hairs, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

You can sleep between my tits You can sleep between my tits, you can sleep between my tits, said the fair young maiden

Bugger your tits they give me the shifts

said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Bugger your tits they give me the shifts

said Barnacle Bill the sailor

You can sleep between my thighs, you can sleep between my thighs, you can sleep between my thighs, said the fair young maiden

Open your thighs they're just my size said Barnacle Bill the sailor, open your thighs they're just my size, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

You can sleep within my cunt, you can sleep within my cunt You can sleep within my cunt, said the fair young maiden

Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt said Barnacle Bill the sailor

What if I should have a child What if I should have a child What if I should have a child, said the fair young maiden

Drown the bugger we'll fuck for another said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Drown the bugger we'll fuck for another said Barnacle Bill the sailor

Brother St. John

We are two Irish Maltese, we come from the island of Gozo
The first time we met, it was down in Vallett
We are two Irish Maltese

Chorus:

We're the twins, ting a ling a ling
We're the twins, ting a ling a ling
We're the Brothers St John and you know where we're from
When we're out, shave off
There's no doubt, shave off
We're so much alike in our figure and height
As we stroll along the prom, prom, prom
The brass band plays tiddly om-pom, pom
They say as we pass, there go two feeds of ass
Me and my Brother St John

In the summertime you know, to the seaside we go
Where the air is so fresh and bracing
We sing and we shout, when there's no one about
Me and my Brother St John

Chorus:

In with it, out with it
Don't fuck about with it
Glorious gift of the Gods
Women they pray for it
Brown hatters pay for it
Knob glorious knob

Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
And now I'm returning, with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

Chorus>

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more

So off to the ale house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,
Sure it's custom like yours I can find any day"

Then out from my pocket I pulled sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said " I have whiskey and wine of the best,
And the words that I've spoken were only in jest"

So I'm off to my parents to confess what I've done
And I hope that they'll pardon their prodigal son
And if they forgive me as oftentimes before
Then I never will play the wild rover no more

Dinah

Chorus >

Dinah, dinah, show us your leg, show us your leg,
show us your leg,
Dinah, dinah, show us your leg a yard above your knee

A rich girl uses vaseline, a poor girl uses lard, but
Dinah uses axle grease because her cunt's so hard.

A rich girl rides a limousine, a poor girl rides a truck,
but the only time that Dinah rides is when she has a fuck.

A rich girl wears a ring of gold, a poor girl one of brass,
but the only ring that Dinah wears is the one around
her arse.

A rich girl wears a brassiere, a poor girl uses string
But Dinah don't wear nothing at all, she lets the
bastards swing.

A rich girl uses a sanitary towel, a poor girl uses a sheet
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
leaves a trail along the street

I wish I were the diamond ring on Dinah's dainty hand
Then every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land

A rich girl drinks a cocktail or two
A poor girl drinks ale brown
But the only time that Dinah drinks
Is when she drinks down, down

The Doggies' Meeting

The doggies held a meeting
They came from near and far
Some came by motor-cycle
And some by motorcar

Each doggie passed the entrance
Each doggie signed the book
Each doggie hung his asshole
Upon his very own hook

One dog was not invited
Imagine his great ire
He ran into the meeting room
And promptly shouted "FIRE"

It threw them in confusion
Without a second look
Each doggie grabbed an asshole
From off another's hook

And that's the reason why sir
On land or sea or foam
And that's the reason why sir
Wherever doggies roam

And that's the reason why sir
A dog will leave his bone
And sniff another's asshole
To see if it's his own

The Jossman's Draft Chit

I was walking through the Dockyard in a panic
When I spied this matelot old and grey
He was carrying his kitbag and his hammock
And this is what I heard him say

Oh I wonder yes I wonder,
Has the Jossman made a blunder,
When he made this draft-chit out for me
Oh I've been a barrack stanchion,
And I've lived in Jago's mansion
It's a shame to send me off to sea

I like my "Pride of Keyham"
And I like my week-end leave
And I always bring the Western to the Chief
(GOOD MORNING CHIEF! You snivelling bastard!)
Oh I wonder, yes I wonder
Has the Jossman made a blunder
When he made this draft-chit out for me

Shall I wander out the sunny Straits in glory
On a trooper that is chock-a-block?
If I speak to shipmates who have gone before me
They are sure to double up with shock

Oh I wonder yes I wonder
Has the Jossman made a blunder
When he made this draft chit out for me
For though we've lots of funnels
We're never rolling gunnels
And I'm always home in time for tea
I've gazed upon the ocean while walking on the Hoe
Though I own that was so very long ago
(SO LONG AGO)
But it ain't no use to holler
I'll have to raise a dollar
And wangle back to RNB
Oh I love my tiddy oggy
And I love my figgy duff
And I always say good morning to the chief
(GOOD MORNING CHIEF! You snivelling bastard!)
Oh I wonder yes I wonder
Has the Jossman made a blunder
When he made this draft chit out for me

A Frenchman Went to the Lavatory

A Frenchman went to the lavatory
To enjoy a jolly good shit
He took his coat and trousers off
So that he could revel in it
But when he reached for the paper
He found that someone had been there before
Ou est le papier, ou est le papier
Monsieur, monsieur, je fait manure
Ou est le papier

A Life on the Ocean Wave

A life on the ocean wave
A home on the rolling deep
Where the scattered waters rave
And the winds their revels keep
Like an eagle caged I'd pine
On this dull unchanging shore
For the salt wind tastes like wine
And I'll breathe it evermore
Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift gliding craft
Set sail farewell to land
The gale follows far abaft
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean bird set free
Like an ocean bird our home
We'll find far out on the sea

Colonel Bogey

Sung to the melody of "Colonel Bogey"

Hitler had only got one ball
Goerring had two but very small
Himmler had something similar
But poor old Goeballs had no balls at all

Hitler had only got one ball
The other is in the county hall
His mother, the dirty bugger
Cut it off, when he was so small

Salome

Salome, Salome, you should see Salome
Standing there with her arse so bare
Every little wiggle makes the boys all stare
She can run, jump, fuck, fight, even ride a motorbike
That's my girl Salome

On Monday night she takes it up the front
On Tuesday night she takes it up the back
Wednesday night is benefit night
Thursday night she shags all night
On Friday night she gobbles it right
On Saturday night she goes all night
On Sunday night she's sober
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam
And a fucking good sunbeam am I

The Red Flag

T'was on Gibraltar's Rock so bare
I saw a maiden lying there
And as she lay in sweet repose
A breathe of wind blew up her clothes
A sailor old was passing by
He dipped his hat and blinked his eye
And then he saw to his despair
She had the red flag flying there

The working class can kiss my arse
I've got the foreman's job at last
I'm out of work and on the dole
You can stuff your red flag up your hole

These Foolish Things

The day you chewed me in the foc's'le locker
I couldn't come and you were fucking chocker
Oh how my piss it stings,
These foolish things, remind me of you

A sweaty sock beside an old French Letter
A dose of syphilis that won't get better
Oh how my arsehole stings
These foolish things, remind me of you

Smally boys, late night finals
A big brown hatter in the gents urinals
These foolish things, these foolish things
They all remind me of you
Awoo, awoo, awoo, awoo

The day I had you in a London taxi
I swear you smelt just like a horses jacksy
And now my dick it stings
These foolish things remind me of you

A running sore beside an open hole
A Tampax floating in my toilet bowl
A pubic hair on my breakfast roll
These foolish things remind me of you

The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin
The broken pisspot that I washed my face in
The bed with creaking springs
These foolish things remind me of you

My sombrero

My sister Belinda, she pissed out the window
All over my favourite sombrero
I said "You fat twat, you've pissed on my hat"
She said "I don't fucking well care O"

Ay, ay, ay, ay me and my soggy sombrero
I said "You fat twat you just pissed on my hat"
She said "I don't fucking well care O"

My sister Margarita, she come all excreta
And shit in my bessy sombrero
I said "You fat twat, you've shit in my hat"
She said "I don't give a fuckero"

Ay, ay, ay, ay me and my shitty sombrero
I said " You fat twat you shat in my hat"
She said "I don't give a fuckero"

My girlfriend, Maria, she's got gonorrhea,
She gave it to me, Amigo
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me the clap"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O"

Ay, ay, ay, ay me and my blobby dickero
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me the clap"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O"

Good Ship Venus

It was on the good ship Venus,
By Christ you should have seen us
The bigger head was a whore in bed
And the cox'n was a rampant porpoise

Frigin' in the rigging, tossin' on the crossing < Chorus
Wankin' on the planking, there was fuck all else to do

The captain of this lugger, he was a filthy bugger
Declared 'em fit to shovel shit, from one ship to another

The cabin boy called Ripper
Was a foul mouthed little nipper
Who stuffed his arse with broken glass,
To circumcise the skipper

His wife was baptised Charlotte,
Who was born and bred a harlot
At night her cunt was lily white
In the morning it was scarlet

His other little daughter, she got shoved into the water
Her plaintive squeals, announced that seals
Had found her sexual quarter

The first mate's name was Paul
He only had one ball
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer
Around the cabin wall

The second mate's name was Andy
His balls were long and bandy
They filled his knob with molten brass
For pissing in the brandy

The third mate's name was Morgan
He was a grisly Gorgon
Three times a day he strummed away
Upon his sexual organ

A cook whose name was Freeman
He was a dirty demon
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen

Another cook was O'Malley
He didn't dilly dally
He shot his bolt with such a jolt
He whitewashed half the galley

The Boatswain's name was Lester
He was a hymen tester
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick
And left it there to fester

The engineer was McTavish
And young girls he did ravish
His missing cock's at Istanbul
He was a trifle lavish

A homo was the purser
He couldn't have been worser
With all the crew he had a screw
Until they yelled "Oh no Sir"

Another one was Cropper
Oh Christ he had a whopper
Twice round the deck, once round his neck
And up his bum for a stopper

The ship's dog name was Rover
The whole crew did him over
They ground and ground the faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover

'Twas in the Adriatic
Where the water's almost static
The rise and fall of arse and prick
Was almost automatic

The end of this narration
Came in jubilation
For they sunk the junk in a sea of spunk
Caused by masturbation

So now we end this serial
Through sheer lack of material
I wish you luck and freedom from
Diseases venereal

Chinese Maiden's Lament

Me no likee English sailor
When Yankee sailor come ashore
English sailor plenty money
Yankee sailor plenty more
Yankee sailor call me ducky darling
English sailor call me Chinese whore
Yankee sailor only shag for short time
English sailor fuck for evermore

Sambo

Sambo was a lazy coon
Who used to sleep in the afternoon
So tired was he, so tired was he

Off to the forest he would go
Swinging his bollocks to and fro
When along came a bee
A bloody great bumble bee
Bzz, bzz, bzz, bzz busy bee busy bee
Bzz, bzz, bzz, bzz busy bee busy bee

Get away you bumble bee
I ain't no rose
I ain't no syphilitic bastard
Get off my fucking nose
Get off my nasal organ
Don't you come near
If you wants a bit o' fanny
You can fuck my granny
But you'll get no arsehole here

Arsehole rules the Navy
Arsehole rules the Navy
Arsehole rules the Navy
If you wants a bit o' bum
You can fuck my chum
But you 'll get no arsehole here

The Sexual Life of the Camel

Sung to the melody of "Eton Boating Song"

The sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
At the height of the mating season
He tries to bugger the Sphinx
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter
Is all clogged by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

In the process of syphilization
From the anthropoid ape down to man
It is generally held that the Navy
Has buggered whatever it can
Yet recent extensive researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog
Has never been buggered at all

I've crapped in the valleys of Assam
I've pissed in the plains of Cawnpore, Cawnpore
I've often passed wind in the desert of Sind
And I've slept with a Calcutta whore
I've belched near the Tropic of Cancer
Stink finger I've played in Madrid, Madrid
Put a girl in Bombay in the family way
And refused to acknowledge the kid

We therefore believe our conclusion
Is incontrovertibly shown
That comparative safety on shipboard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone
But why haven't they done it at Spithead
As they've done it at Harvard and Yale
And also at Oxford and Cambridge
By shaving the spines off its tail

I've seduced little virgins in China
I've taught self-abuse in Japan, Japan
And when hard up for oats upon City Line boats
I've had to resort to a man
I've bathed in the nude at Llandudno
I've fondled my foreskin out West, out West
And I've played soixante-neuf on Parisian turf
And I've belly rubbed tarts in Trieste

I've tickled the tits of a Nautch girl
I've French-kissed young women from Wales,
from Wales
And I've played with my balls at Niagara Falls
And I've been gamerouched in Marseilles
I've split several cunts in Karachi
I've smacked bitches bums on the pier, the pier
But what now fans the fire of my ardent desire
Is to bugger a goat in Kashmire

My name is Fauntleroy Cecil, I come from Leicester Square
I wear open-toed sandals and a rosebud in my hair,
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

My name is Burlington Basil, my friend's name is Bond,
When we go out together, they call us Basildon Bond,
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,
The eunuchs all standing there,
A hundred dusky maidens, combing their pubic hair,
When along came Father Christmas,
Striding down the marble halls,
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,
The eunuchs all answered "Balls!"

Give Us a Chance

Sung to the Melody of "Give Peace a Chance"

Everybody's talking 'bout
Make and mends
Long weekends
Getting crappers
Trapping snappers
All we are saying is give us a chance

Aladdin's Lamp

There once was a lad called Aladdin
Who had a magic lamp,
He bought it from a matelot
Who was fathoms up a tramp
He bought it off a matelot
To see what he could get
And he rubbed and he rubbed
And he rubbed and he rubbed
And he ain't got fuck all yet

Fa, la, la, la, fiddle, de, dee,
Sixteen annas, one rupee,
Two black crows up a sycamore tree
Go bugger janner.

You make fast, kiss my arse,
Make fast the dinghy,
You make fast, kiss my arse,
Make fast the dinghy,
And we'll all go back to oggieland,
To oggieland, to oggieland,
And we'll all go back to oggieland
Where they can't tell sugar from
Tissue paper, tissue paper, marmalade and jam.

Oggie, oggie, oggie, oi, oi, oi
Oggie, oi,
Oggie, oi,
Oggie, oggie, oggie, oi, oi, oi.

Roedean School

We are from Roedean, good girls are we
We take pride in our virginity
We take all precautions against all abortions
Cos' we are from Roedean school

Chorus > Up school, up school, up school, up school
Right up the school, shite
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hoi.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hoi.

Our house mistress you cannot beat
She lets us go walking in the street
We sell our titties for threepenny bitties
Right outside Roedean school

Our head prefect, her name is Jane
She only likes it now and again
And again and again and again and again
Cos' we are from Roedean school

Our sportsmistress she is the best
She helps us to develop our chest
By swearing tight sweaters
And using French letters
Cos' we are from Roedean school

When we go down to the beach for a swim
They all remark on the size of our quim
We bet you a dollar
It's bigger than a horse's collar
Cos' we are from Roedean school

Our school porter he is a fool
He's only got a teeny weeny tool
It's all right for key holes
And little girlies weeholes
But no good for Roedean school

Our school janitor he is no fool
He has got a ginormous tool
It's all right for tunnels
And Queen Mary's funnels
And all right for Roedean school

Our school doctor she is a beaut
Teaches us to swerve when our boy friends shoot
It saves many marriages and forced miscarriages
For we are from Roedean school

We have a new girl her name is Flo
Nobody thought that she could have a go
But she surprised the vicar by raising him quicker
Than all girls at Roedean school

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry
It's lights out at seven, candles out at eleven
For we are from Roedean school

When we go out to the Vicar's for tea
He likes us to bounce up and down on his knee
We feed him brandy, which makes him feel randy
For we are from Roedean school

A Bootneck Who Was Far Away

In her hat she wears a yellow ribbon
She wears it in the Springtime in the merry month of May
And if you ask her why the fuck she wears it
She wears it for a Bootneck who was far, far away
Far away, not far enough < Chorus
Far away, not far enough
She wears it for a Bootneck who was far, far away

Along the street, she wheels a perambulator
She wheels it in the Springtime in the merry month
of May
And if you ask her why the fuck she wheels it
She wheels it for a Bootneck who was far, far away

Behind the door, her father keeps a shotgun
He keeps it in the Springtime in the merry month of May
And if you ask him why the fuck he keeps it
He keeps it for a Bootneck who was far, far away

The Bootneck went, he went to join his unit
He joined it in the Springtime in the merry month of May
And if you ask him why the fuck he joined it
He joined it to be very, very, far, far away

In her hand she holds a bunch of daisies
She holds them in the Springtime in the merry month
of May
And if you ask her why the fuck she holds them
She holds them for a Bootneck who was ten fathoms down

Fathoms down, not deep enough
Fathoms down, not deep enough
She holds them for a Bootneck who was ten fathoms down

Her Majesty's Royal Marines

From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli
There's a buzz going round the harbour that the Yanks
are going to sea

We're the finest in the Universe,
We're the best you've ever seen,
And we all go under the name of
Her Majesty's Royal Marines

In the depths of deepest Africa, where the light is
never seen

Lies the body of a fucking great gorilla
Fucked to death by a Royal Marine
We're the finest in the Universe,
We're the best you've ever seen,
And we all go under the name of
Her Majesty's Royal Marines

In the snows of cold Antarctica, where the Sun is
never seen

Lies the body of a fucking great polar bear
Fucked to death by a Royal Marine
We're the finest in the Universe,
We're the best you've ever seen,
And we all go under the name of
Her Majesty's Royal Marines

And if the Army and the Navy,
ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find all the bars are full up,
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines
With a gallon of Coca-Cola
And a bloody great tub of ice-cream
Oh they're damn fine kids in harbour
But oh my Christ at sea!

On the Bridge at Midnight

She stood on the bridge at midnight
Throwing snowballs at the moon
She said "Royal I've never had it"
But she spoke too fucking soon

Chorus>

It's the same the whole world over
It's the poor what gets the blame
It's the rich what gets the pleasure
Ain't it all a fucking shame

Same old bridge, same old midnight
Picking blackheads from her crutch
She said "Royal I've never had it"
He said "No not fucking much"

Chorus:

She was poor but she was honest
Victim of a rich man's whim
First he fucked her, then he left her
And she had a child by him

Chorus:

Naval Uniform

Oh she's got a lovely naval uniform,
Oh she's got a lovely naval uniform,
Oh she's got a lovely navel,
Such a lovely navel,
She's got a lovely naval uniform.

Singing I will if you will, so will I < Chorus
Singing I will if you will, so will I
Singing I will if you will, I will if you will
I will if you will, so will I

Oh she's got a lovely bottom set of teeth,
Oh she's got a lovely bottom set of teeth,
Oh she's got a lovely bottom,
Such a lovely bottom,
She's got a lovely bottom set of teeth.

Chorus:

Oh she's got a lovely country cottage,
Oh she's got a lovely country cottage,
Oh she's got a lovely cunt,
Such a lovely cunt,
She's got a lovely country cottage.

Chorus:

Old Macdonald's Farm

Sung to the Melody of "Old Macdonald Had a Farm"

Old Macdonald had a farm, ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,
And on this farm he had some chicks ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,
And the chicks were chicking it here,
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,
Chickening it there, chickening it everywhere,
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some rams, ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,
And the rams were ramming it here,
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,
And the chicks were chicking it here,
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,
Chickening it there, chickening it everywhere,
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some turkeys ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere
And the rams were ramming it here,
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,
And the chicks were chicking it here,
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,
Chickening it there, chickening it everywhere,
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some bulls ee-ay, ee-ay , oh,
And the bulls were bulling it here,
The bulls were bulling it there, bulling it here,
Bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere
And the rams were ramming it here,
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,
And the chicks were chicking it here,
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,
Chicking it there, chicking it everywhere,
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some cows ee-ay, ee-ay , oh,
And the cows were cowing it here,
The cows were cowing it there, cowing it here,
Cowing it there, cowing it everywhere,
And the bulls were bulling it here,
The bulls were bulling it there, bulling it here,
Bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere
And the rams were ramming it here,
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,
And the chicks were chicking it here,
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,
Chicking it there, chicking it everywhere,
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some geese, ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,
And the geese were goosing it here,
The geese were goosing it there, goosing it here,
Goosing it there, goosing it everywhere
And the bulls were bulling it here,
The bulls were bulling it there, bulling it here,
Bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere
And the rams were ramming it here,
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,
And the chicks were chicking it here,
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,
Chicking it there, chicking it everywhere,
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

And on this farm he had some sheep, ee-ay, ee-ay, oh,
And the sheep were shagging it here,
The sheep were shagging it there, shagging it here,
Shagging it there, shagging it everywhere,
And the geese were goosing it here,
The geese were goosing it there, goosing it here,
Goosing it there, goosing it everywhere
And the bulls were bulling it here,
The bulls were bulling it there, bulling it here,
Bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,
The turkeys were gobbling it there, gobbling it here,
Gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere
And the rams were ramming it here,
The rams were ramming it there, ramming it here,
Ramming it there, ramming it everywhere,
And the chicks were chicking it here,
The chicks were chicking it there, chicking it here,
Chicking it there, chicking it everywhere,
Oh old Macdonald had a farm ee-ay, ee-ay, oh.

Cats on the Rooftop

When you wake up in the morning with the devil of a stand
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary gland
If you haven't got a woman use your own horny hand
As you revel in the joys of masturbation

Chorus>

Singing: Cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles
Cats with the clap and cats with piles
Cats with their arseholes all covered in smiles
As they revel in the joys of fornication

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife
As he revels in the joys of fornication

When you find yourself in springtime
with a surge of sexual joy
And your wife has got the rags on
and your daughter's rather coy
Then jam it up the jacksie of your favourite choirboy
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation

Long-legged curates grind like goats
Pale faced spinsters shag like stoats
And the whole damn world stands by and gloats
As they revel in the joys of fornication

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick
Without the opportunity to dip its wick
But whenever it does it slips in thick
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The ape is small and rather slow
Erect he stands a foot or so
So when he comes it's time to go
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The flea disports among the trees
And there consorts with whom he please
To fill the land with bastard fleas
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The elephant's ball is big and round
A small one scales a thousand pound
Two together rock the ground
As they revel in the joys of fornication

The camel likes to have his fun
His night is made when he is done
He always gets two humps for one
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The donkey is a lonely bloke
He hardly ever gets a poke
But when he does he lets it soak
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The orang-utan is a colourful sight
There's a glow on its arse like a pilot light
As it jumps and it leaps in the night
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The hippopotamus, so it seems
Very, very rarely has wet dreams
But when he does he comes in streams
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The oyster is a paragon of purity
And you can't tell the he from the she
But he can tell and so can she
As they revel in the joys of fornication

The Australian lady emu when she wants to find a mate
Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date
You should see that feather,
When she meets her destined fate
As she revels in the joys of fornication

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day
Never gets a chance to let himself go gay
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The labours of the poofter find but little favour here
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep I fear
As he dreams he rips a red in some urchins rear
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long
You should hear his high crescendo
When his mate is on the prong
As he revels in the joys of fornication

The whale is a mammal as everybody knows
He takes 2 days to have a shag but when he's in the throes
He doesn't stop to take it out he piddles through his nose
As he revels in the joys of fornication

A thousand verses all in rhyme
To sit and sing them seems a crime
When we could better spend our time
Revelling in the joys of fornication

Alouette

Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
How I love her straggly hair,
How I love her straggly hair,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her two crossed eyes,
How I love her two crossed eyes,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her broken nose,
How I love her broken nose,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her two buck teeth,
How I love her two buck teeth,
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her squeegee lips
How I love her squeegee lips
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her double chin,
How I love her double chin,
Double chin. double chin,
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her scrawny neck,
How I love her scrawny neck,
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,
Double chin. double chin,
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her floppy tits,
How I love her floppy tits,
Floppy tits, floppy tits,
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,
Double chin. double chin,
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her wobbly bum,
How I love her wobbly bum,
Wobbly bum, wobbly bum,
Floppy tits, floppy tits,
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,
Double chin. double chin,
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her thunder thighs
How I love her thunder thighs
Wobbly bum, wobbly bum,
Floppy tits, floppy tits,
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,
Double chin. double chin,
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her knobbly knees,
How I love her knobbly knees,
Knobbly knees, knobbly knees,
Thunder thighs, thunder thighs,
Wobbly bum, wobbly bum,
Floppy tits, floppy tits,
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,
Double chin. double chin,
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,
Two buck teeth, two buck teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

How I love her hammer toes,
How I love her hammer toes,
Hammer toes, hammer toes,
Knobbly knees, knobbly knees,
Thunder thighs, thunder thighs,
Wobbly bum, wobbly bum,
Floppy tits, floppy tits,
Scrawny neck, scrawny neck,
Double chin. double chin,
Squeegee lips, squeegee lips,
Two front teeth, two front teeth,
Broken nose, broken nose,
Two crossed eyes, two crossed eyes,
Straggly hair, straggly hair, ohhhhhhhh,
Alouette, alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette,
Alouette, gentile alouette.

Where Do You Go To My Lovely

She looks like Lassie with acne
She dances like Biff the Bear
Her clothes are all made by Bernards
And there's lice in her pubic hair
Yes there are, Ha, ha, ha, ha

So where do you go to my lovely
When you're alone in your pit
Tell me the thoughts that surround you
When you're having a spine shattering shit

Captain of the Heads' Lament

My job is to clean a naval latrine
I'm the man with the pan for the pan that everyone uses
The paper's OK - on both sides the news is
You know what I mean, in my latrine
I clean it by night and I clean it by day
I keep it the way, the way you'd expect it
And when it gets high I just disinfect it
Terrifically clean is my latrine
I clean it by day and at four in the morning
My oppo joins in, we polish the chains
And there we are scrubbing away together
It seems so clean, my latrine

Wondering if we'll get out the stains
What joys we have seen, what raptures we've tasted
Then along comes the gang and we know our efforts
were wasted
They shit anywhere, they don't care where they place it
It fair makes you scream, in my latrine
I've laid traps for the chaps
who have craps in all directions
I've even laid grass for each arse to establish connections
But I stay aloof
They can't reach the roof
That's one place that's clean, in my latrine

On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old Smoky where nobody goes
They do the locomotion without any clothes

Down by the river where nobody goes
There's Margaret Thatcher picking her nose

Bye, Bye, Blackbird

Once a boy was no good, took a girl into the wood
Bye, bye, blackbird
Laid her down upon the grass
Pinched her tits and slapped her arse
Bye, bye, blackbird
Took her where no-one else could find her
To a place where he could really grind her
Rolled her over on her front
Shoved his prick right up her cunt
Blackbird bye, bye.

But this girl was no sport
Took her story to a court
Bye, bye, blackbird
Told her story in the morn
All the jury had a horn
Bye, bye, blackbird
Then the judge came to his decision
This poor sod got eighteen months in prison
So next time, boy, do it right
Stuff her twat with dynamite
Blackbird bye, bye.

There is a Green Hill

There is a green hill far away
Beyond a city wall
Where the Dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all

For he's a jolly good fellow
For he's a jolly good fellow
For he's a jolly good fe - llow
And so say all of us

Christopher Robin and Alice

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace
Christopher Robin went down on Alice
"Dear little Christopher knows his stuff,
At 'Trying the Beard' and 'Noshing the Muff'
Says Alice

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace
Christopher Robin's still gobblin' Alice
"One more time, then after lunch,
I'll reciprocate and 'Munch the Trunch"
Says Alice

Christopher Robin has got his knob in,
Alice is down and she's gobblin' Robin
She won't say a word while 'Tongueing the Tool'
"Cos it's rude to talk when your mouth is full"
Says Alice

They're plating hard at Buckingham Palace
Alice plates Robin and Robin plates Alice
They're lying down upon the turf
"Nothing compares with a Soixante-Neuf"
Says Alice

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Sung to the Melody of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"

Chorus > Swing low sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of Angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home

If you get there, before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming too
Coming for to carry me home

Chorus: (repeated softly, humming,
silent actions only, then loud)

Carolina

Nothing could be finer than to be in a vagina in
the morning
Nothing could be sweeter than to be stuck up Rita in
the morning

The Fart

Sung to the melody of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres"

There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous
There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous
There was an old lady of eighty-two
Did a fart but missed the loo, inky, pinky, parlez-vous

The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous
The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous
The fart went rolling down the street
Knocked a copper off his feet, inky, pinky parlez-vous

The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous
The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous
The copper got out his rusty pistol
Shot the fart from here to Bristol, inky, pinky, parlez-vous

Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous
Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous
Bristol Rovers playing at home,
Kicked the fart from here to Rome, inky, pinky, parlez-vous

Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous
Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous
Julius Caesar drinking gin,
Opened his gob and the fart went in, inky, pinky, parlez-vous

The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous
The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous
The fart went rolling down his spine,
Knocked his balls out of line, inky, pinky parlez-vous

The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me
A pervert in a pantry

On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Two virgin queens

On the third day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Three shithouse doors

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Four Pompey whores

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Five choir boys

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Six convicted vicars

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Seven sexless spinsters

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Eight useless eunuchs

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Nine naked nymphos

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Ten turgid testicles

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Eleven languid lesbians

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sent to me
Twelve twisted twats

Puff the Magic Dragon

Chorus:

Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And trolleyed all the smally boys in a land called Pompey
Little jolly jack tar loved that rascal Puff
And brought him lots of baby oil and other fancy stuff

Once a pure white virgin, lived by the sea
She frolicked over the pastoral field, her name Virginity
A sweet young lass of just sixteen, a rosebud ripe and firm
She wandered over the verdant hills not knowing of the spen.

Well Puff the magic dragon lived not far away
His cock was damn near two feet long
He poked one twice a day
He was a Pompey matelot with vest and pinstriped shirt
He rode a dockyard bicycle, the sexy extrovert

One day while she was roaming round the dockyard ships
He spied her bending over there, that bitch with swinging hips
He jumped right off his bicycle and grabbed her by the ass
He tore off all her clothing and laid her in the grass

Her maidenhead was busted, the ground ran bloody red,
He poked her till the twilight came,
then took her home to bed
He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more and more
He turned that pure Virginity into a Goddamned whore!

Christ, the Magic Christian, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mists in a land called Galilee
His Mother was virgin, his Father was a Jew
If you had a family tree like that, they'd crucify you too

Black Sausage

A is for A

L is for long; A long, a,a,a long

S is for strong; Long strong; A long strong;

A, a, a long strong

B is for black; Strong, black; Long, strong, black;

A long, strong, black;

A, a, a long, strong, black

S is for sausage; Black sausage; Strong, black sausage;

Long, strong, black sausage; A long, strong, black
sausage;

A, a, a long, strong, black sausage

U is for up; Sausage up; Black sausage up;

Strong, black sausage up; Long, strong, black sausage up;

A long, strong, black sausage up;

A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up

M is for my; Up my; Sausage up my; Black sausage up my;

Strong, black sausage up my,

Long, strong, black sausage up my;

A long, strong, black sausage up my;

A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my

S is for sister; My sister; Up my sister;

Sausage up my sister; Black sausage up my sister;

Strong, black sausage up my sister;

Long, strong, black sausage up my sister;

A long, strong, black sausage up my sister;

A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my sister

C is for cat; Sister's cat; My sister's cat;
Up my sister's cat; Sausage up my sister's cat;
Black sausage up my sister's cat;
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat;
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat;
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat;
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat

A is for arsehole; Cat's arsehole; Sister's cat's arsehole;
My sister's cat's arsehole; Up my sister's cat's arsehole;
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole;
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole;
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole;
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole;
A long, strong, black sausage up
my sister's cat's arsehole;
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my
sister's cat's arsehole.

T is for twice; Cats arsehole twice;
Sisters cat's arsehole twice;
My sister's cat's arsehole twice;
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice;
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's
arsehole twice;
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my
sister's cat's arsehole twice.

N is for nightly; Twice nightly; Arsehole twice nightly;
Cat's arsehole twice nightly;
Sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;
My sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly;
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole
twice nightly;
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's
arsehole twice nightly;
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's
arsehole twice nightly;
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my
sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly.

W is for weather; nightly weather; Twice nightly weather;
Arsehole twice nightly weather;
Cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;
Sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;
My sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather;
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice
nightly weather;
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole
twice nightly weather;
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole
twice nightly weather;
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's
arsehole twice nightly weather;
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my
sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather.

P is for permitting; Weather permitting;
Nightly weather permitting;
Twice nightly weather permitting;
Arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;
Cat's arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;
Sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;
My sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather
permitting;
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather
permitting;
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly
weather permitting;
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice
nightly weather permitting;
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole
twice nightly weather permitting;
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole
twice nightly weather permitting;
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's
arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my sister's
cat's arsehole twice nightly weather permitting;

S is for sideways; Permitting sideways;
Weather permitting sideways;
Nightly weather permitting sideways;
Twice nightly weather permitting sideways;
Arsehole twice nightly weather permitting sideways;
Cat's arsehole twice nightly weather permitting sideways;
Sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather
permitting sideways;
My sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather
permitting sideways;
Up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly weather
permitting sideways;
Sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice nightly
weather permitting sideways;
Black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole twice
nightly weather permitting sideways;
Strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole
twice nightly weather permitting sideways;
Long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's arsehole
twice nightly weather permitting sideways;
A long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's
arsehole twice nightly weather permitting sideways;
A, a, a long, strong, black sausage up my sister's cat's
arsehole twice nightly weather permitting sideways.

Christmas Day

Recital

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse
The snow was snowing fast
We don't want your Christmas pud'
You can put it on the next man's plate

Coconut Grove

Well up jumped a monkey from a coconut grove

Well up jumped a monkey from a coconut grove

He's a cool looking dude, you can tell by his clothes

Repeat each following line

In a three button beanie and a two button stitch

He's a cock sucking, motherfucking son of a bitch

He lined a hundred whores up against a wall

And bet a hundred bucks he could fuck them all

He fucked ninety eight till his prick turned blue

Then he backed up, shacked up and fucked the other two

When he died, it was sure he'd go to hell

Where he fucked the Devil's daughter and his wife as well

In the graveyard you can see on his tomb

You'd better watch out or he'll fuck you too

The Music Man

Chorus>

I am the music man, I come from down your way,
What can you play? What can you pla-ay?

I can play the piccolo, piccolo, piccolo,
I can play the piccolo, picco, piccolo,
Picco, picco, piccolo, piccolo, piccolo
Picco, picco, piccolo, picco, piccolo

I can play the trombone, the trombone, the trombone
I can play the trombone, trombone
Oompah, oompah, oompah pah, oompah pah, oompah pah
Oompah, oompah, oompah pah, oompah, oompah pah

I can play the mouth organ, the mouth organ, the mouth
organ, I can play the mouth organ, the mouth organ
Suck back, suck back, suck back blow
Suck back blow, suck back blow
Suck back, suck back, suck back blow
Suck back, suck back blow

I can play the Archers, the Archers, the Archers
I can play the Archers, the Archers
Dum ta dum ta dum ta dum
Dum ta dum ta da dum
Dum ta dum ta dum ta dum
Dum ta dumety dum

I can play the Palladium, the Palladium, the Palladium
I can play the Palladium, the Palladium
Da, da, ta, da, da, da, da, da,
Da, da, ta, da, da, da, da, da

I can play with myself, with myself, with myself

I can play with myself, with myself

Wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank

Wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank

Wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank

Wank, wank, wank, wank, wank

I can play the dambusters, the dambusters, the
dambusters, I can play the dambusters, the dambusters
(dambusters theme tune)

I can play the big bass drum, big bass drum, big bass
drum, I can play the big bass drum, big bass drum

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

I can play the violin, the violin, the violin

I can play the violin, vio, violin

Vio, vio, viola, viola, viola

Vio, vio, viola, vio, viola

I can play the bagpipes, the bagpipes, the bagpipes

I can play the bagpipes, the bagpipes

(Noise made by holding nose and tapping

Adam's apple)

I can play the sexaphone, sexaphone, sexaphone

I can play the sexaphone, sexa, sexaphone,

Sexy, sexy, sexyphone, sexyphone, sexyphone

Sexy, sexy, sexyphone, sexy, sexyphone

Lady in Red

She's a lady in red
She's a lady in red refrain
With her legs around her head
With her legs around her head refrain
Wo, o, o, o chorus
Wo, o, o, o

She's a lady in black, She's a lady in black
And she likes it on her back, And she likes it on her back

She's a lady in pink, She's a lady in pink
And she makes your finger stink,
And she makes your finger stink

She's a lady in check, She's a lady in check
With her legs around her neck
With her legs around her neck

She's a lady in blue, She's a lady in blue
And she likes it with two, And she likes it with two

She's a lady in white, She's a lady in white
And she does it twice a night,
And she does it twice a night

She's a lady in tartan, She's a lady in tartan
Get away when she starts fartin'
Get away when she starts fartin'

Yogi Bear

Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger, Ranger
Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith
Ranger, Ranger Smith, Ranger, Ranger Smith
Yogi's got an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith

Yogi's got a little friend, Boo boo, Boo boo
Yogi's got a little friend, Boo boo, Boo boo Bear
Boo boo, Boo boo Bear, Boo boo, Boo boo Bear
Yogi's got a little friend, Boo boo, Boo boo Bear

Yogi's got a lady friend, Fifi, Fifi
Yogi's got a lady friend, Fifi, Fifi Bear
Fifi, Fifi Bear, Fifi, Fifi Bear
Yogi's got a lady friend, Fifi, Fifi Bear

Yogi's into whips and chains, kinky, kinky
Yogi's into whips and chains, kinky, kinky Bear
Kinky, kinky Bear, Kinky, kinky Bear
Yogi's into whips and chains, kinky, kinky Bear

The Cow Kicked Nelly in the Belly in the Barn

The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn
The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn
The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn
The Doctor says she'll be all right

Next verse, same as the first
A little bit louder and a little bit worse

(Repeat getting louder and faster until
screaming loud and fast as possible)

The Match

My old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's hat
He took me round the corner to watch a football
match

Fatty passed to skinny and skinny passed it back
Fatty took a rotten shot which knocked the goalie
flat

Where was the goalie when the ball was in the net
Hanging round the goalpost with his balls around his
neck

They laid him on a stretcher, they laid him on a bed
They wrapped his bum in chewing gum
And this is what they said

Rule Britannia, three monkeys on a stick
One fell down and paralysed his
Willie watchdog lying on the grass
Along came a bumblebee and stung him up the
Ask no questions, tell no lies
I saw a policeman doing up his
Flies are a nuisance, bees are worse
This is the end of my silly little verse

Darling Grace

Oh Darling Grace
I love your face
I love you in your nightie
When the moonlight flits
Across your tits
Oh Jesus Christ Almighty

The Sailor

There once was a sailor who sat on a rock
Waving his fist and abusing his
Neighbouring partner, watching his tricks
Teaching his children to play with their
Kites and their marbles as in days of yore
When along came a woman who looked like a
Decent young lady who walked like a duck
She said she was learning a new way to
Bring up her children and decent to knit
While the boys in the farmyard were shovelling the
Contents of pigsty and muck and the mire
The squire of the manor was pulling his horse from
His stable to go to the hunt
His wife in the boudoir was powdering her nose
And arranging her vanity box
And taking precautions to ward off the gout
And romantics which made her feel sick
For well did she remember her last days
Of what did you think I was going to say
No you little bugger that's all for today

Arseholes Are Cheap Today

Arseholes are cheap today
Cheaper than yesterday
Little boys are half-a-crown
Standing up or lying down
Big ones or bigger pricks
Biggest ones cost three and six
Blow jobs are free
So come and try one

The Paratrooper

*Sung to the melody of "John Brown's Body"
or "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"*

My Sergeant-Major jumped from forty thousand feet
My Sergeant-Major jumped from forty thousand feet
My Sergeant-Major jumped from forty thousand feet
And he ain't gonna jump no more

Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die < Chorus
With your left foot in your ear
And your right foot in your eye
Glory, glory what a hell of a way to die
And he ain't gonna jump no more

He landed on the runway like a lump of strawberry jam
He landed on the runway like a lump of strawberry jam
He landed on the runway like a lump of strawberry jam
And he ain't gonna jump no more

They put him in an envelope and sent him off to Mum
They put him in an envelope and sent him off to Mum
They put him in an envelope and sent him off to Mum
And he ain't gonna jump no more

They put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see
They put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see
They put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see
And he ain't gonna jump no more

The Happy Wanderer

Sung to the melody of "The Happy Wanderer"

I love to go a wandering along the mountain track
And as I go I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back

Fol der ay, fol der ah, fol der ay < Chorus
Fol der ah, ha ha ha ha ha
Fol der ay, fol der ah
My knapsack on my back

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a piece of cheese
Jack came down with a beaming smile
And his trousers round his knees

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of water
I don't know what they did up there
But they came down with a daughter

Little Miss Muffet, she sat on her tuffet
Her knickers all tattered and torn
But it wasn't a spider that sat down beside her
It was Little Boy Blue and his horn

Mary had a little lamb, she also had a bear
I've never seen her little lamb
But I've often seen her bear

The Maid of the Mountain Glen

There was a maid of the mountain glen
Seduced herself with a fountain pen
The pen it broke and the ink ran wild
And she gave birth to a blue-black child

Chorus> They called the bastard Stephen
They called the bastard Stephen
They called the bastard Stephen
For that was the name of the ink
Quink Quink

Stephen was a bonny child
Pride and joy of his mother mild
And all that worried her was this
His steady stream of blue-black piss

Chorus:

Mary of New Brighton Pier
Seduced herself with a bottle of beer
The top came off and the froth ran wild
And she gave birth to a nut brown child

They called the bastard Whitbread
They called the bastard Whitbread
They called the bastard Whitbread
For that was the name of the beer
Queer Queer

Drunken Sailor

Sung to the melody of "Drunken Sailor"

What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
Early in the morning

Chorus>

Hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises, early in the morning

Put him in the long boat till he's sober
Put him in the long boat till he's sober
Put him in the long boat till he's sober
Early in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Early in the morning

Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter
Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter
Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter
Early in the morning

Roll Me Over in the Clover

Chorus>

This is number one and the fun has just begun

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again

Roll me over in the clover

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again

Oh this number two and my hand is on her shoe

Chorus:

Oh this is number three and my hand is on her knee

Chorus:

Oh this is number four and we're rolling on the floor

Chorus:

Oh, this is number five and the bee is in the hive

Chorus:

Oh, this is number six and she said she liked my tricks

Chorus:

Oh, this is number seven and we're in our seventh heaven

Chorus:

Oh, this is number eight and the nurse is at the gate

Chorus:

Oh, this is number nine and the twins are doing fine

Chorus:

Oh, this is number ten and we're at it once again

Chorus:

Oh, this is number eleven and we start again from seven

Chorus:

Oh, this is number twelve and she said "Nu kan jag själv"

Chorus:

Three German Officers

*Sung to the melody of "Mademoiselle
from Armentieres"*

Three German officers crossed the Rhine
parlez-vous

Three German officers crossed the Rhine
parlez-vous

Three German officers crossed the Rhine
Shagged all the women and drank all the wine
Inky pinky parlez-vous

They came upon a wayside inn parlez-vous
They came upon a wayside inn parlez-vous
They came upon a wayside inn
Pissed on the door and kicked it in
Inky pinky parlez-vous

The landlord had a daughter fair parlez-vous
The landlord had a daughter fair parlez-vous
The landlord had a daughter fair
Lily white tits and golden hair
Inky pinky parlez-vous

They tied her to a big soft bed parlez-vous
They tied her to a big soft bed parlez-vous
They tied her to a big soft bed
Shagged her till she was nearly dead
Inky pinky parlez-vous

They took her up the rickety stairs parlez-vous
They took her up the rickety stairs parlez-vous
They took her up the rickety stairs
Shagged her back to life again
Inky pinky parlez-vous

All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor

Sung to the melody of "Ship Ahoy"

When the man-o'-war or merchant ship
Comes sailing into port
The jolly tar with joy
Will sing out "Land Ahoy!"
With his pockets full of money
And a parrot in a cage
He smiles at all the pretty girls
Upon the landing stage

All the nice girls love a sailor, all the nice girls love a tar
'Cos there's something about a sailor
Well you know what sailors are
Bright and breezy, free and easy
He's the ladies pride and joy
He's been up our Lady Jane and he's going up again
Ship ahoy, sailor boy

Jack is partial to the yellow girls
Across the Eastern Seas
With lovely almond eyes
The tar they hypnotise
And when he goes to the Sandwich Isles
He loves the dusky belles
Dressed up a la Salome
Coloured beads and oyster shells

All the nice girls love a candle, all the nice girls love a wick
For there's something about a candle
That reminds them of a prick
Nice and greasy, slips in easy, it's the ladies pride and joy
So when you're walking down the front
With a candle up your cunt, ship ahoy, sailor boy

He will spend his money freely
And he's generous to his pals
While Jack has got a sou
There's half of it for you
And it's just the same in Love or War
He goes through with a smile
And you can trust a sailor
He's a white man all the while

All the nice girls love a sailor, all the nice girls love a tar
For there's something about a sailor
Well you know what sailors are
Bright and breezy, free and easy, he's the ladies' pride and joy
Falls in love with Kate and Jane, then he's off to sea again
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!

Yellow Bird

Yellow bird
Yellow bird
A landed on
A landed on
A windowsill
A windowsill
I coached it in
I coached it in
With a piece of bread
With a piece of bread
And then I stamped
And then I stamped
On it's fucking head
On it's fucking head

Holy ground

Fare thee well my lovely, a thousand times adieu
For we're going away from the Holy ground
And the girls we all love true
We shall sail the salt seas over
And we'll return for sure
To see again the girls we love
And the Holy ground once more

Fine girl you are, you're the girl I do adore < Chorus
And still I live in hope to see the Holy ground once more
Fine girl you are

And now the storm is raging and we are far from shore
And the good old ship is tossing about
And the rigging is all tore
And the secret of my mind my love
You're the girl I do adore
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy ground once more

And now the storm is over and we are safe and well
We'll go into a public house and sit and drink our fill
We will drink strong ale and porter
And we'll make the rafters roar
And when our money is all spent
We will go to sea once more

The Lobster Song

Oh Mr fisherman how do you do
Have you a lobster big enough for two
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

Yes Sir, yes Sir I have two
And the biggest of the bastards I will give to you
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

We took the lobster home and we couldn't find a dish
So we put it in the place where the missus has a piss
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

In the middle of the night the missus gave a grunt
There was the lobster hanging from her cunt
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

The missus grabbed a squeegee and I grabbed a broom
We chased the fucking lobster all around the room
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

Now the moral of the story and that is this
Always have a shufti before you have a piss
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

That's the end of the song and don't ask for more
There's an apple up my arsehole
and you can have the core
Singing o tiddly o, shit or bust
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust

My Mother-in-Law

One night in gay Paree, I paid five francs to see
A much tattooed lady, a big fat french lady
Tattooed from head to knee and on her jaw
Was a British man-o-war
And in the middle of her back was a Union Jack
So I paid three francs more
And up and down her spine
Were the old die-hards in line and on her big fat bum
Was a picture of the rising sun and on her fanny
Was Al Jolson singing "Mammy"
How I love her, how I love her
How I love my mother-in-law

I love my mother-in-law,
She's nothing but a dirty old whore
She nags me day and night, I can't do fuck all right
Last night I heard she was coming round to stay
Now isn't it a pity she only has one titty
And in the family way
Last night I greased the stairs,
Put tin-tacks on the chairs
I hope she breaks her back
Cause I do love wearing black
As sure as sugar's candy, I know the old cow's randy
How I love her, how I love her
How I love my mother-in-law

Lord of the Dance

I danced in the morning when the world was begun
And danced in the Moon and the Stars and the Sun
I came down from Heaven and I danced on the Earth
At Bethlehem I had my birth

Chorus >

Dance then wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance said he
I'll lead you all wherever you may be
I'll lead you all in the dance said he

I danced with the Scribe and the Pharacee
But they would not dance, they wouldn't follow me
I danced with the fishermen both James and John
And they came with me so the dance went on

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame
The Holy people said it was a shame
They whipped when they stripped then they hung me on high
They left me there on the cross to die

I danced on the Friday and the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the Devil on your back
They buried my body and they thought I was gone
But I am the dance and I still go on

They cut me down but I left up high
For I am the life that will never die
I'll live in you if you live in me
For I am the Lord of the dance said he

On Ilkley Moor Baht'at

Where hast thee been since I saw thee, since I saw thee
On Ilkley Moor baht'at
Where hast thee been since I saw thee, since I saw thee
Where hast thee been since I saw thee
On Ilkley Moor baht'at, where's that < Chorus
On Ilkley Moor baht'at,
On Ilkley Moor baht'at

Thy's been a' courtin' Mary Jane, Mary Jane
On Ilkley Moor baht'at
Thy's been a' courtin' Mary Jane, Mary Jane
Thy's been a' courtin' Mary Jane

Thy's going to catch your death of cold
On Ilkley Moor baht'at
Thy's going to catch your death of cold, death of cold
Thy's going to catch your death of cold

Then we shall have to bury thee, bury thee
On Ilkley Moor baht'at
Then we shall have to bury thee, bury thee
Then we shall have to bury thee

Then worms'll come and eat thee up, eat thee up
On Ilkley Moor baht'at
Then worms'll come and eat thee up, eat thee up
Then worms'll come and eat thee up

Then ducks'll come and eat up worms, eat up worms
On Ilkley Moor baht'at
Then ducks'll come and eat up worms, eat up worms
Then ducks'll come and eat up worms

Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat up ducks
On Ilkey Moor baht'at
Then we shall come and eat up ducks, eat up ducks
Then we shall come and eat up ducks

Then we shall all have eaten thee, eaten thee
On Ilkey Moor baht'at
Then we shall all have eaten thee, eaten thee
Then we shall all have eaten thee

Magic Moments

Remember the night, I wanted a shite, I waited for hours
Up over the wall, across the lawn
I shat on the flowers

Chorus:

Magic moments, when two hearts are sharing
Magic moments filled with love

We went to the sea, I knew it to be, a time of emotion
We laid on the sand, my prick in your hand
I pissed in the ocean

We went for a ride, side by side, we developed a wobble
We fell on the grass, I played with your arse
You gave me a gobble

We went to the park and just for a lark
I pissed in the flowers
You laid on your back, I played with your crack
For hours and hours

I'll never forget, the smell of your sweat
The night we were dancing
You said it was fine, to drink my urine
It tasted so rancid

The Wild West Show

Oh we're off to see the Wild West Show < Chorus
The elephant and the kangaroo oo oo o
Never mind the weather, we're all here together
We're off to see the Wild West Show

And in this corner we have the Oomigooley Bird
"The Oomigooley bird, what the fucking hell's that?"
The Oomigooley bird has very large testicles
and very short feet, so that when it comes in to land
it goes "Oo me goolies, oo me goolies"

And in this corner we have the
Wherethefuckarewe tribe "The Wherethefuckarewe
tribe, what the fucking hell's that?"
The Wherethefuckarewe tribe are a tribe of
pygmies who live in elephant grass that's six foot
high so they spend all the time jumping up and down
going "Wherethefuckarewe, Wherethefuckarewe?"

And in this corner we have the Winkywanky bird
"The Winkywanky bird, what the fucking hell's that?"
The nervous system of this bird's eyelids is
connected to his foreskin and every time he winks
he wanks and every time he wanks he winks.
Lady, please don't throw sand in his eye!

And in this cage we have the giraffe
"The giraffe, what the fucking hell's that?"
This creature is the most popular in the animal
kingdom. Why? Every time he goes into a bar
he says, "The highballs are on me"

And in this corner we have the laughing Hyena

"The laughing Hyena, what the fucking hell's that?"

This animal lives in the mountains and once every year comes down to eat. Once every two years he comes down to drink and once every three years he comes down for sexual intercourse. What the fucking hell he has to laugh about I don't know!

And over here we have the Orangutan

"The Orangutan, what the fucking hell's that?"

The Orangutan is an ape and swings through the trees from branch to branch and as he swings his balls go orang - otang, orang - otang!

And over here we have the Rhinoceros

"The Rhinoceros, what the fucking hell's that?"

This animal is reputed to be the richest in the world. Its name is derived from the Latin - rhino meaning money and sore arse meaning piles, hence piles of money!

And in the next cage we have the leopard

Yes, the leopard on it's coat has one spot for every day of the year. What about a Leap Year you ask? Dick, lift up the leopard's tail!

And in here we have the Keerie bird

"The Keerie bird, what the fucking hell's that?"

This bird lives in the Antarctic and every time it comes into land on the ice, it goes "Keerie, keerie kee-ist it's cold!"

And on the platform is the elephant

"The elephant, what the fucking hell's that?"

The elephant has a ginormous appetite. In one day it eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas and twenty buckets of rice. Madam don't stand too near the elephant's backside. Madam, madam

- too late! Sid, dig her out!

And over in the sand is the ostereech

"The ostereech, what the fucking hell's that?"

This bird, at the first sign of danger, buries its head in the sand and whistles through the rest of the afternoon. All together now, (whistle Colonel Bogey)!

And in the next cage we have the Triangular

This animal has a triangular orifice - hence the Pyramids and the sign of the Y.W.C.A.

And here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Oozle Woozle Bird. These birds fly in a line ahead formation and, at the first sign of danger, the last bird flies up the arse of the bird in front and so on up the line. The remaining bird then flies round in ever decreasing circles, finally disappearing up its own orifice from which position it proceeds to shower shit and derision in all directions.

Those Old Red Flannel Drawers That Maggie Wore

On the night that Maggie died, she pulled me to her side
And gave me a pair of flannel drawers
They were tattered, they were torn
Round the arsehole they were worn
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

They were hemmed in, they were tucked in
They were the drawers that she had fucked in
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

They were stained in gin and beer
????????????????????????????????
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

They were rotten down the front
With the dripping of her cunt
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

When she hung them on the line, the Sun refused to shine
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

When she laid them on the ground
Flies came from miles around
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

She put them on the mat and paralysed the cat
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

She put them in the sink, my God there was a stink
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

She buried them in the ground
Killed the grass for miles around
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore

Engineer's song

A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, < Chorus
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,

An engineer told me before he died
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
An engineer told me before he died
And I've no reason to believe he lied

He knew of a woman with a cunt so wide
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
He knew of a woman with a cunt so wide
She could never be satisfied

So they built a prick of steel
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
So they built a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel

Two brass balls he filled with cream
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
Two brass balls he filled with cream
And the whole bloody issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel

Up and up went the level of steam
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
Up and up went the level of steam
Down and down went the level of cream

Till at last the maiden cried
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
Till at last the maiden cried
Enough enough I'm satisfied

Now we come to the tragic bit
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
Now we come to the tragic bit
There was no way of stopping it

She was split from arse to tit
A rum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum,
She was split from arse to tit
And the whole bloody issue was covered in shit

Pissing About on the River

I'm a fun loving boy and I always enjoy
Just pissing about on the river

Watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts
Who're pissing about on the river

Cheering the eights as they finish the course
They loosen their rollocks and lay on their oars

The victorious eight is awarded a plate
For pissing about on the river

The girls wait to welcome the crews at the locks
They all love a stroke, now they're kissing the Cox

I row to the bank and have a quick wank
While pissing about on the river

If I Were the Marrying Kind

If I were the marrying kind
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby full back
He'd find touch, I'd find touch
We'd all find touch together
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Finding touch together

If I were the marrying kind
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby scrum half
He'd put it in, I'd put it in
We'd both put it in together
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Putting it in together

If I were the marrying kind
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby lock Sir
He'd hold it in, I'd hold it in
We'd both hold it in together
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Holding it in together

If I were the marrying kind
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby prop Sir
He'd push hard, I'd push hard
We'd both push hard together
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Pushing hard together

If I were the marrying kind
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby referee
He'd blow hard, I'd blow hard
We'd both blow hard together
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Blowing hard together

If I were the marrying kind
Which thank the Lord I'm not Sir
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a spectator
He'd come again, I'd come again
We'd both come again together
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Coming again together

No Balls At All

Come you old drunkards, give ear to my tale
This short little story will make you turn pale
It's about a young lady, so pretty and small
Who married a man who had no balls at all
No balls at all, no balls at all
She married a man who had no balls at all

How well she remembered the night they were wed
She rolled back the sheets and crept into bed
She felt for his prick, how strange, it was small
She felt for his bollocks, no balls at all
No balls at all, no balls at all
She married a man who had no balls at all

Mommy, oh Mommy, oh pity my luck
I've married a man who's unable to fuck
His tool bag is empty, his screwdriver's small
The impotent wretch has got no guts at all
No balls at all, no balls at all
I married a man who had no balls at all

Dear daughter, dear daughter, it's never so bad
We do for your man as we done for your Dad
There's many a man willing to call
And shag for the man who has no balls at all
No balls at all, no balls at all
I married a man who had no balls at all

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice
An eleven-pound baby was born in the fall
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all
No balls at all, no balls at all
She married a man who had no balls at all

Sod 'Em All

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Sod all the sergeants and WO ones
Sod all the corporals and their bastard sons
For we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to their billets they crawl
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all
The Skipper, the Jimmy and all
Sod all the Yeomen and CPO Tels
Sod the Chief Sloshies and their bleeding smells
For we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to their hammocks they crawl
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all
The Jaunty, the Crusher and all
Sod all the Shipwrights and CPO Cooks
Sod all the Paybobs and their bleeding books
For we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to their hammocks they crawl
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all
The Admiral, the Flag-Jack and all
Sod all the OAs and EAs as well
Sod the Chief Stoker and send him to hell
For we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to their hammocks they crawl
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all

The Tale of Poor Dave

Recital

Now this is the tale of young Davie Bloor
Whose sexual equipment got jammed in the door
By the time they had freed him he didn't feel well
For his poor private parts were all mangled to hell

They rushed him to hospital , the ambulance flew
But when they arrived, there were nowt they could do
What a sad day for Dave, condemned without choice
To a life with no sex and a high squeaky voice

But lucky for Dave, so he wouldn't feel a fool
Some bright spark suggested a bionic tool
A smart new electric one, made out of brass
Though the batteries would have to be kept up his arse

So newly equipped and after a rest
Dave thought he would put his new tool to the test
So finding a woman nearest and handy
He filled her with drink to make her feel randy

The girl without waiting put her hand on Dave's flies
And when she felt what was there gave a cry of
surprise

"That's my bionic chopper" he said

"Now let's have some fun"

"Cor blimey" she said "It fits like a gun"

They both stripped off quick and he entered her fast
Then he turned up the knob and gave her full blast
They clutched tight to each other
And Dave's dick shook some more
They shook off the bed and onto the floor

Now the pace hotted up and they started to choke
As the air in the room became filled with smoke
With a bang Dave's bollock flew into the air
And his other went bonkety-bonk down the stairs

So back to repairs went Dave full of woe
Was this how his sex life was destined to go?
A return to the doctor at the end of each shag
With his prick in his pocket and his balls in a bag

But they fixed Dave up and made him manly again
And they helped him with batteries and flex to
the main
So if he can't get a girl, lucky Dave doesn't cry
'Cos he's now AC/DC and can go with a guy!

Here's to the Bastard

Here's to....., he's a blue
He's a bastard through and through
He's a bastard so they say
And he'll never get to heaven in a long, long way
Drink it down, down, down, down etc.

Oh why are we waiting, why are we waiting

Nellie Dean

By the old mill stream I'm dreaming, Nellie Dean
Dreaming of your bright eyes gleaming, Nellie Dean
As they used to fondly glow
When we sat there long ago
List'ning to the waters flow, Nellie Dean
I can hear the robins singing, Nellie Dean
Sweetest recollections bringing, Nellie Dean
And they seem to sing of you
With your tender eyes of blue
For I know they miss you too, Nellie Dean

Chorus >

There's an old mill by the stream, Nellie Dean
Where we used to sit and dream, Nellie Dean
And the waters as they flow
Seem to murmur sweet and low
You're my heart's desire, I love you, Nellie Dean

I recall the day we parted, Nellie Dean
How you trembled, broken hearted, Nellie Dean
And you pinned a rose of red
On my coat of blue and said
That a soldier boy you'd wed, Nellie Dean
All the world seems sad and lonely, Nellie Dean
For I love you and you only, Nellie Dean
And I wonder if on high
You still love me, if you sigh
For the happy days gone by, Nellie Dean

Chorus:

The Woodpecker Song

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, REMOVE it.

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back, REPLACE it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it round, turn it round, turn it round, REVOLVE it

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it back, turn it back, turn it back, REVERSE it.

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Once again, once again, once again, REPEAT IT.

I repeated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Slow it down, slow it down, slow it down, RETARD IT.

I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Let it go, let it go, let it go, RELEASE IT.

I released my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out RETRACT IT.

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff, revolting.

Yoho

He put his hand upon her toe, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her toe, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her toe
She said "Marine, you're mighty slow
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

He put his hand upon her knee, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her knee, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her knee
She said "Marine, you're teasing me
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

He put his hand upon her thigh, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her thigh, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her thigh
She said "Marine, you're mighty sly
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

He put his hand upon her snatch, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her snatch, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her snatch
She said "Marine, you're starting to scratch
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

He put his hand upon her tit, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her tit, yoho, yoho
He put his hand upon her tit
She said "Marine, squeeze it a bit
Get in, get out, quit fucking about, yoho, yoho, yoho.

And now she is in London town, yoho, yoho
And now she is in London town, yoho, yoho
And now she is in London town
She's fucked the boys for miles around
Get in, get out, quit fucking about,
yoho, yoho, yoho.

And now she's in a wooden box, yoho, yoho
And now she's in a wooden box, yoho, yoho
And now she's in a wooden box
She died from too many Marine Corps cocks
Get in, get out, quit fucking about,
yoho, yoho, yoho.

Working For the Yankee Dollar

If you go to Yankee land
You will think the Yanks are grand
When you've been there for a bit
You'll find they're full of shit

Chorus: Singing Rum and Coca-Cola
Have you big fat arsehole-a
Both seamen and stoker
Working for the Yankee dollar

If you go to Singapore
You may meet a luscious whore
She'll take you by the hand
And wank you till you cannot stand

Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his privates three
Now every private had a very fine thirst
And a very fine thirst had he
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates
And three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his sergeants three
Now every sergeant had a very loud voice
And a very loud voice had he
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates
And three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his subalterns three
Now every subaltern had a fine grouse
And a very fine grouse had he
"We do all the work" said the subalterns
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates
And three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his captains three
Now every captain was a hard-worked man
And a hard-worked man was he
"We want three months leave" said the captains
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates
And three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his adjutants three
Now every adjutant had a restive horse
And a very fine horse had he
"Won't anyone hold my horse?" said the adjutants
"We want three months leave" said the captains
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates
And three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his majors three
Now every major had a fine big swear
And a very fine swear had he
"Fuck, shit, bollocks, cunt" said the majors
"Won't anyone hold my horse?" said the adjutants
"We want three months leave" said the captains
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates
And three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his colonels three
Now every colonel had a very sore head
And a very sore head had he
"What's the next word of command?" said the colonels
"Fuck, shit, bollocks, cunt" said the majors
"Won't anyone hold my horse?" said the adjutants
"We want three months leave" said the captains
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates
And three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his generals three
Now every general had two red tabs
And very fine tabs had he
"We're all very great men" said the generals
"What's the next word of command?" said the colonels
"Fuck, shit, bollocks, cunt" said the majors
"Won't anyone hold my horse?" said the adjutants
"We want three months leave" said the captains
"Move to the right in threes" said the sergeants
"Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer" said the privates
And three merry men are we
For there's none so rare as can compare
With Her Majesty's Royal Marines

Leprosy

Sung to the melody of "Jealousy"

Leprosy, I've got it all over me

I Joined the Navy

I joined the Navy to see the sea
What did I see? I saw the sea

Three Jews from Jerusalem

There were three Jews from Jerusalem
There were three Jews from Jerusalem
Jerry, jerry, jerry, us - a - lem
Jerry, jerry, jerry, us - a - lem
There were three Jews from Jerusalem

The first Jew's name was Isaac
The first Jew's name was Isaac
Eye-see, eye-see, eye-see, suck, suck, suck
Eye-see, eye-see, eye-see, suck, suck, suck
The first Jew's name was Isaac

The second Jew's name was Joseph
The second Jew's name was Joseph
Josie, josie, josie, siph, syph, syph, syph
Josie, josie, josie, siph, syph, syph, syph
The second Jew's name was Joseph

The third Jew's name was Jehosophat
The third Jew's name was Jehosophat
Jehose, jehose, jehose, fart, fart, fart
Jehose, jehose, jehose, fart, fart, fart
The third Jew's name was Jehosophat

They went for a ride in a charabanc
They went for a ride in a charabanc
Chara, chara, chara, bang, bang, bang
Chara, chara, chara, bang, bang, bang
They went for a ride in a charabanc

There was a mighty thunderclap
There was a mighty thunderclap
Thundie, thundie, thundie, clap, clap, clap
Thundie, thundie, thundie, clap, clap, clap
There was a mighty thunderclap

They swerved into a precipice
They swerved into a precipice
Precie, precie, precie, piss, piss, piss
Precie, precie, precie, piss, piss, piss
They swerved into a precipice

They were taken to a hospital
They were taken to a hospital
Hospie, hospie, hospie, tool, tool, tool
Hospie, hospie, hospie, tool, tool, tool
They were taken to a hospital

But there were no beds vacant
But there were no beds vacant
Vacie, vacie, vacie, cunt, cunt, cunt
Vacie, vacie, vacie, cunt, cunt, cunt
But there were no beds vacant

This is where we finish it
This is where we finish it
Fini, fini, fini, shit, shit, shit
Fini, fini, fini, shit, shit, shit
This is where we finish it

Sing Us Another One, Do

There once was a man from Newcastle
Who had a collapsible arsehole
It was handy you see
When he farted at tea
He could bend down and make up a parcel

Chorus > That was a jolly good/terrible song
Sing us another one, just like the other one
Sing us another one, do!

There once was a fellow from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble
He put it in double
Instead of coming, he went

There once was a fellow from Reading
Who was constantly wetting the bedding
Till it made his wife say
"I don't mind the spray,
It's the stench in the morning I'm dreading

There was a young man from Devizes
Whose bollocks were two different sizes
One weighed a pound
And dragged on the ground
The other was large as a fly's is

There once was a man from Benghazi
Who was having a shit in a carsy
He was seen by a whore
Who was passing the door
Who said, "Bravo", and threw in a sprarzy

An insatiable nymph from Penzance
Travelled by bus to South Hants
Five others fucked her
Beside the conductor
And the driver came twice in his pants

There once was a man from Belgravia
Found guilty of obscene behaviour
When he met little girls
He'd rub spunk in their curls
When cautioned he said, "Spunk makes 'em wavier"

There was a young man from Aberystwyth
Who said to a girl he just kissed with
"That hole in your crutch
Is for fucking and such
And not just a gadget to piss with"

There once was a fellow from Beverley
Who went in for fucking quite heavily
He fucked night and day
Till his bollocks gave way
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly

A lady who lived in South Mimms
Had the most overwhelming of quims
The priest of the diocese
Had elephantiasis
So it wasn't all singing and hymns

There once was a lady called Annie
With fleas, lice and crabs up her fanny
To get up her flue
Was like touring the zoo
There were wild beasts in each nook and cranny

There was a young lady from Spain
Who liked a bit now and again
Not now and again
But now and again
And again and again and again

A lesbian lass from Khartoum
Invited a queer to her room
As the turned out the light
He said, "Let's get this right
Who does what and how and to whom?"

There was a young fellow from Nottingham
Who saved up tin cans and put snot in 'em
He threw in some shit
To spice it a bit
And sold 'em to small boys who shot in 'em

There was a young girl from Baia
Who liked sticking flutes up her rear
After eating escargots
She could fart Handel's "Largo"
Her encore was "Ave Maria"

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
As he wiped off his chin
He said with a grin
"If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it"

There once was a girl from the Cape
Who was raped by a fully grown ape
When asked was it horrid
"All balls and no forehead
And a prick like a piece of red tape"

Ermyntrude of ample proportions
Always took contraceptive precautions
But one day little Ermyntrude
Let a little sperm intrude
"Does anyone here do abortions?"

A policeman from near Clapham junction
Had a penis which just wouldn't function
For the rest of his life
He misled his poor wife
With some snot on the end of his truncheon

There once was a Bishop from Buckingham
Who wrote "Bollocks and twelve ways of sucking 'em"
He then went berserk
When outdone by a turk
Who wrote "Women and twelve ways of fucking 'em"

There was a young fellow from Stroud
Who could fart unbelievably loud
When he let go a big 'un
Dogs were deafened in Wigan
And the windowpanes splintered in Oudh

There once was a sheik from Algiers
Who said to his harem "My dears
You may think it odd o' me
But I've given up sodomy
And taken up fucking" - Loud cheers

Then up spoke his friend the mahout
"Fucking's all very well I've no doubt
But I just had a bunk
Up an elephant's trunk"
Cries of "Shame", "Dirty Sod", "Chuck 'im out"

A randy young buck from Lahore
Was asked "When do you roger your whore?"
He said "At eleven, at three, five and seven
And eight and a quarter past four"

There once was a young man from St. Paul's
Who toured all the music halls
His favourite trick
Was to stand on his prick
And roll off the stage on his balls

There once was a girl from Lake Chad
Who fancied her father - too bad
She then caught her brother
Going down on her mother
Who said, "Not in the same class as Dad"

There once was a man from Japan
Who couldn't resist a nice fan
When asked for the reason
He said, "When in season
I always try to fuck as many nice-looking, sexy,
Immoral young girls as I possibly can"

There was an old monk from Siberia
Who seemed to get wearier and wearier
No wonder, this monk
Kept sharing a bunk
With his girl friend, the Mother Superior

When her daughter got married in Bicester
Her mother remarked as she kissed her
"That fellow you've won
Is sure to be fun
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister"

To the Bishop his girlfriend said, "True,
I'm fed up with fucking with you
I'll take the vicar
He's longer and thicker
Besides he comes quicker than you

There was a young lady named Hilda
Who went for a walk with a builder
He knew that he could, and he should, and he would
And he did, and he goddamn near killed her

The jolly old Bishop of Birmingham
He buggered three maids while confirming 'em
As they knelt seeking God, he excited his rod
And pumped his episcopal sperm in 'em

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who were found stuck belly to belly
Because in their haste they used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly

There was a young lady of Cheam
Who crept into the vestry unseen
She pulled down her knickers, likewise the vicar's
And said "How about it, old bean?"

A chap down in old Oklahoma
Had a cock that could sing "La Paloma"
But the sweetness of pitch, couldn't put off the hitch
Of impotence, size and aroma

There was a young fellow from Leeds
Who swallowed a packet of seeds
Great tufts of grass sprouted of his arse
And his balls were all covered in weeds

There was a young girl of Detroit
Who at fucking was very adroit
She could squeeze her vagina to a pin-point or finer
Or open it out like a quail

A disgusting young man named McGill
Made his neighbours exceedingly ill
When they learned of his habits involving white rabbits
And a bird with a flexible bill

There was a young man of St Johns
Who wanted to bugger the swans
"Oh no" said the porter, "You bugger my daughter
Them swans is reserved for the Dons"

A handsome young monk in a wood
Told a girl she should cling to the good
She obeyed him and gladly he repulsed her but sadly
"My dear you have misunderstood"

There was a young maid from Mobile
Whose cunt was made of blue steel
She got her thrills from pneumatic drills
And off-centered emery wheels

There was a young lady of Crewe
Whose cherry a chap had got through
Which she told to her mother who fixed her another
Out of rubber and red ink and glue

When a lecherous curate at Leeds
Was discovered one day in the weeds
Astride a young nun, he said "Christ this is fun
Far better than telling one's beads"

There was a young man from Cape Cod
Who put his own mother in pod
His name it was Tucker, the bugger, the fucker
The bleeder, the bastard, the sod

There was a young girl of Dundee
Who was raped by an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all cunt and no forehead
Three tits and a purple goatee

There was a young lady of Twickenham
Who regretted that men had no prick in 'em
On her knees every day, to her God she would pray
To lengthen and strengthen and thicken 'em

There was a young girl named McCall
Whose cunt was exceedingly small
But the size of her anus was something quite heinous
It could hold seven pricks and one ball

There was a young man from Lynn
Whose cock was the size of a pin
Said his girl with a laugh as she fondled his staff
"This won't be much of a sin"

A broken down harlot named Tups
Was heard to confess in her cups
"The height of my folly was fucking a collie
But I got a nice price for the pups"

There was a young man of high station
Who was found by a pious relation
Making love in a ditch to I won't say a bitch
But a woman of no reputation

There was a young German named Ringer
Who was screwing an opera singer
Said he with a grin "Well I've sure got it in"
Said she "You mean that ain't your finger?"

A young man with passions quite gingery
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie
He slapped her behind and made up his mind
To add incest to insult and injury

There was a young man from Moravia
Who cared neither for God or his saviour
He walked down the Strand with his prick in his hand
And was had up for indecent behaviour

There was a young nun from Liberia
Endowed with a virgin interior
Until an old monk jumped into her bunk
And now she's the Mother Superior

There was a young Scot from Delray
Who buggered his father one day
Saying "I like it rather, to stuff it up father
He's clean and there's nothing to pay"

There was a young plumber of Lea
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea
She said "Stop your plumbing, there's somebody coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing "It's me"

There was an old man of Dundee
Who came home as drunk as could be
He wound up the clock with the end of his cock
And buggered his wife with the key

There was a young parson named Binns
Who talked about women and things
But his secret desire was a boy in the choir
With a bottom like jelly on springs

An elderly pervert in Nice
Who was long past wanting a piece
Would jack off his hogs, his cow and his dogs
Till his parrot called in the police

All the lady apes ran from King-Kong
For his dong was unspeakably long
But a friendly giraffe chewed his yard and a half
And ecstatically burst into song

A maiden who lived in Virginny
Had a cunt that could bark, neigh and whinny
The hunting set chased her, fucked, buggered
then dropped her
For the pitch of her organ went tinny

There was a young girl of Devon
Who was raped in the garden by seven
High Anglican Priests, the lascivious beasts
Of such is the kingdom of heaven

When a woman in strapless attire
Found her breasts working higher and higher
A guest with great feeling, exclaimed "How appealing!
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"

There was a young lady of Trent
Who said that she knew what it meant
When he asked her to dine, private room, lots of wine
She knew, oh she knew, but she went

There was a young lady named Hitchin
Who was scratching her crotch in the kitchen
Her mother said "Rose, it's the crabs I suppose"
She said "Yes, and the buggers are itchin"

There was a young man of St James
Who indulged in the jolliest games
He lighted the rim of his grandmother's quim
And laughed as she pissed through the flames

A fellow whose surname was Hunt
Trained his cock to perform a slick stunt
This versatile spout could be turned inside out
Like a glove and be used as a cunt

There was a young lady from Kew
Who filled her vagina with glue
She said with a grin "If they pay to get in
They'll pay to get out of it too"

An organist playing in York
Had a prick that could hold a small fork
And between obbligatos, he'd munch at tomatoes
And keep up his strength while at work

There was a young girl of Darjeeling
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling
There was never a sound for miles around
Save of fly-buttons hitting the ceiling

A lady while dining at Crewe
Found an elephant's dong in her stew
Said the waiter "Don't shout and don't wave it about
Or the others will all want one too"

A hermit who had an oasis
Thought it the best of all places
He could pray and be calm 'neath a pleasant date palm
While the lice on his bollocks ran races

There was a young fellow named Kimble
Whose prick was exceedingly nimble
But fragile and slender and dainty and tender
So he kept it encased in a thimble

The last time I dined with the King
He did quite a curious thing
He sat on a stool and took out his tool
And said "If I play, will you sing?"

The gay young Duke of Buckingham
Stood on the bridge at Rockingham
Watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em

A mathematician named Hall
Had a hexahedronical ball
And the cube of its weight, times his pecker plus eight
Was four fifths of five eighths of fuck-all

There was a young student of Trinity
Who shattered his sister's virginity
He buggered his brother, had twins by his mother
And took double honour in Divinity

There was a young fellow named Scott
Who took a girl out on his yacht
But too lazy to rape her he made darts of brown paper
Which he languidly tossed at her twot

There was a young lady of Exeter
So pretty that men craned their necks at her
One went so far as to wave from his car
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her

Rosalina a pretty young lass
Had a truly magnificent ass
Not rounded and pink as you possibly think
It was grey, had long ears and ate grass

There once was a girl called Fiona
Who used to make love in a Skoda
With her feet on the dash
She would cry out in pash
Now they call her our fondle Fiona

Jack the Necrophiliac

My name is Jack - diddle, iddle, iddle um
I'm a necrophiliac - diddle, iddle, iddle um
I fuck dead women - diddle, iddle, iddle um
And I fill 'em full of semen - diddle, iddle, iddle um
I get frustrated - diddle, iddle, iddle um
When they get cremated - diddle, iddle, iddle um
Burial's a must - diddle, iddle, iddle um
'Cos you can't fuck dust !!

My brother Gus - diddle, iddle, iddle um
Is incestuous - diddle, iddle, iddle um
He fucked my Mum - diddle, iddle, iddle um
And my little Sis - diddle, iddle, iddle um
And when I die - diddle, iddle, iddle um
And go up to the sky - diddle, iddle, iddle um
I'll fuck brother Gus - diddle, iddle, iddle um
'Cos he's incestuous !!

The QuarterMaster's Stores

There was Dick, Dick playing with his prick
In the stores, in the stores
There was Jock, Jock playing with his cock
In the QuarterMaster's stores

Chorus >

My eyes are dim I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me
I have not brought my specs with me

There was Jim, Jim trying to get it in
In the stores, in the stores
There was Fred, Fred taking it in the head
In the QuarterMaster's stores

There was Frank, Frank having a damn good wank
In the stores, in the stores
There was Jane, Jane having it off again
In the QuarterMaster's stores

My Blue Heaven

They're all over me, and my oppo's got three
But we're happy with my crab lotion

Life Presents a Dismal Picture

Life presents a dismal picture
Dark and dreary as the womb
Father's got an anal stricture
Mother's got a fallen womb

Sister Sue has been aborted
For the forty-second time
Brother Bill has been deported
For a homosexual crime

Nurse has chronic menstruation
Never laughs and never smiles
Mine's a dismal occupation
Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles

In a small brown paper parcel
Wrapped in a mysterious way
Is an imitation rectum
Grandad uses twice a day

Joe the postman called this morning
Stuck his prick through the door
We could not despite endearment
Get it out till half-past four

Even now the baby's started
Having epileptic fits
Every time it coughs it spews
Every time it farts it shits

Yet we are not broken-hearted
Neither are we up the spout
Aunty Mabel has just farted
Blown her arsehole inside out

Popeye the Sailor Man

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I live in a caravan
There's a hole in the middle
Where I do my piddle
I'm Popeye the sailor man
Poop, poop

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I live in a frying pan
Turn up the gas and
Burn up my ass
I'm Popeye the sailor man
Poop, poop

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I live in a caravan
I fuck to the finish
'Cos I eat my spinach
I'm Popeye the sailor man
Poop, poop

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I live in a pot of jam
And it's so sticky
It sticks to my dicky
I'm Popeye the sailor man
Poop, poop

I'm Popeye the sailor man
I live in a lavatory pan
When I go swimming
I goose all the women
I'm Popeye the sailor man
Poop, poop

The Alphabet

A is for Arseholes all covered in hair

Heigh Ho said Rolly

B is the Bugger that wished he were there

With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

C is for Cunt all dripping with piss

Heigh said Rolly

D is the Drunkard who gave it a kiss

With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

E is for Eunuch with only one ball

Heigh Ho said Rolly

F is for Faggots with no balls at all

With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

G is for Gonorrhea, Goitre and Gout

Heigh Ho said Rolly

H is for Harlot that spread it about

With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

I is for Injection for clap, pox and itch
Heigh Ho said Rolly
J is for Jerk of a dog on a bitch
With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

K is for King who thought fucking a bore
Heigh Ho said Rolly
L is for Lesbian who came back for more
With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

M is for Maidenhead tattered and torn
Heigh Ho said Rolly
N is for Noble who died with the horn
With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

O is for Orifice gently revealed
Heigh Ho said Rolly
P is for Prick all pranged up and peeled
With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

Q is the Quaker who shit in his hat
Heigh Ho said Rolly
R is the Roger who rogered the cat
With a rolly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

S is the Shitpot all full to the brim
Heigh Ho said Rolly
T is the Turds that are floating within
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

U is the Usher who taught us at school
Heigh Ho said Rolly
V is the Virgin that played with his tool
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

W is the Whore who thought fucking a farce
Heigh Ho said Rolly
X, Y and Z you can stuff up your arse
With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly

Durex Song

Sung to the melody of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend"

A poke with a bloke might be quite incidental
But Durex is a girl's best friend
She might get the poke but she won't get parental
Yes, Durex is a girl's best friend

When you shove it in, you feel that good old latex skin
When you let fly, none gets by, why?
'Cos it's all gathered up in the end of a Durex
Yes, Durex is a girl's best friend

Did You Ever See

Oh I got an Auntie Sissy
And she's only got one titty
But it's very long and pointed
And the nipple's double jointed

Chorus >

Did you ever see
Did you ever see
Did you ever see
Such a funny thing before

I've got a cousin Daniel
And he's got a cocker spaniel
If you tickled 'im in the middle
He would lift his leg and piddle

Oh I've got a cousin Rupert
He plays outside half for Newport
They think so much about him
That they always play without him

Oh I've got a cousin Anna
And she's got a grand piana
And she ran aram arama
Till the neighbours say "God Damn her!"

The Traveller

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be
And there was a hat upon the rack where my old hat
should be

So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this
thing to me, whose is that hat upon the rack where my
old hat should be?"

"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
As drunk as a skunk can be,
That's not a hat upon the rack, but a chamberpot you see".
Well I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a jerry with a hatband on I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be
And there was a horse in the stable where my horse
ought to be

So I said to my wife, the curse of my life, "Explain this
thing to me, whose is the horse in the stable where
my horse ought to be?"

"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
As drunk as a skunk can be,
That's not a horse in the stable, but a milch cow you
can see"
Well I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more
But a milch cow with a saddle on I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be,
And there were some breeks beside the bed
where my breeks ought to be,
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life "Explain this
thing to me, whose are those breeks a lying where my
breeks ought to be?"
"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
As drunk as a skunk can be,
Those aren't a pair of breeches but a polishing cloth
you see"
Well I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a polishing cloth with buttons on I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be
And there was a head on the pillow where my head
ought to be
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life "Explain this
thing to me, whose is this head a lying there where my
head ought to be?"
"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
As drunk as a skunk can be, that's not a head on the
pillow
But a mushmelon you see.
Well I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a mushmelon with a moustache I never saw before

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be
And there was a prick inside my bed
where my prick ought to be
So I said to my wife the curse of my life "Explain this
thing to me, whose is this prick a standing here
where my prick ought to be?"
"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
As drunk as a skunk can be, that's not a prick a standing
there but a carrot that you see".
Well I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more
But a carrot with balls on I never saw before

I came home on Saturday night as drunk as I could be
There was a stain on the counterpane and it didn't
come from me
So I said to my wife the curse of my life "Explain this
thing to me, what's this stain on the counterpane that
didn't come from me?"
"Oh you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
As drunk as a skunk can be, that's not a stain on the
counterpane but some baby's milk you see"
Well I've travelled this wide world over
Ten thousand miles or more
But baby's milk that smelt like cum I've never smelt
before.

Clementine

There she stood beside the bar rail
Drinking pink gins for two bits
And the swollen whisky barrels
Stood in awe beside her tits

Chorus >

I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin'
I owe my darlin' Clementine
Three bent pennies and a nickel
Oh, my darlin' Clementine

Eyes of whisky, lips of water
As she sodden at me peer
Dawns the daylight in her temple
With a bollock warming leer

Hung me guitar on the bar rail
At the sweetness of the sign
In one leap leapt out me trousers
Plunged into the foaming brine

She was bawdy, she was busty
She could match the great Buzoom
As she strained out of her bloomers
Like a melon tree in bloom

On the oak tree and the cypress
Never more together twine
Since that creeping poison ivy
Laid its blight on Clementine

Ram It I'm R.D.P.

Chorus >

La La La La La etc.....Ram it I'm R.D.P.

I was walking through the dockyard
One morning bright and fair
When a sailor came towards me
He had long and shaggy hair
And he looked for all the world as though
He didn't have a care
And he said, "Why are you looking at me?"
I said, "Well in your uniform, you really look a scruff"
He said, "See me in my civvies mate,
I'm really quite the stuff,
And when I put me Brut on I smell just like a pouff
I'm a smoothie from R.N.B.
I've been to Honolulu and I've been to Tokyo
I've been to San Francisco most any place you'll go
I've had nine years in the Navy
And there's just three days to go
Ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

There'll be no more get your hair cut
No standing out in rows
No more duty watches, no more RPOs
No killicks, pigs or PTIs, now they get up my nose
And ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

Cos' I've returned me pussers dirk, I'm sure I'll feel the loss
Two blue suits and steaming boots and now I'll count the cost
Well I'll stand outside of barracks
And make rude signs at the Joss
And ram it mate I'm R.D. P.

I've trapped polar bears in Iceland, film stars down in Nice
Grizzly bears in Canada and snappers in the Fleece
But now it's nearly over and there's two days to release
Ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

I've done me share of punishment
I've sweated in the sun
I've had nines and fines and DQ's but now it's nearly done
And now some silly basket has just asked me to sign on
But ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

But now I've stood here talking for really long enough
I've got to go to barracks mate, I've got to pack me stuff
Perhaps I might come in again if civvy street gets rough
But ram it mate I'm R.D.P.

Song for Chippies

Sung to the melody of "The Chattanooga Choochoo"

Pardon me boy, is that a job card that you're holding
We are chippies you know, and we're on a go-slow
The last to get completed was a year ago in May
I'm up to here with job cards, so you'd better go away
We're not here for our pleasure
We're only after treasure
So cross my palm with silver and I'll do it right away

The Street of a Thousand Arseholes

In the street of a thousand arseholes
'Neath the sign of a swinging tit
There lived a chinese maiden by the name of U-Flung Shit

Chorus>

Her greasy twat was forever hot
U-Flung Shit her name, her name
U-Flung Shit her name

She sat beneath the joss sticks
With a smile of celestial bliss
Her breath like scented lotus, her eyes like pools of piss

Chorus:

She thought of her lover, the bastard
She thought of her pox-ridden beaux
She thought of the scores she's had on the floors
When up walked Wun-Hung-Low

Chorus:

"Oh come to me you bag of shit"
He cried with tits in hand
"My love for you will last for hours
Like ice upon the desert sand"

Chorus:

She raised herself on her starboard tit
And gave her twat a tweak
With her smiles in her eyes she looked at him
And said "Go fuck a Peke"

Chorus:

He clutched his knob with calloused hand
And beat it on the walls
Removed his hat and trampled that
Then danced upon his balls

Chorus:

At length with anger screaming out
He pissed himself with spleen
He went and shit and stamped in it
His scrotum turned quite green

Chorus:

His anger quickly mastered him
He fell with fury black
She stood on him and bared her quim
And pissed on the bugger's back

Chorus:

The chinese maiden now is gone
No longer does she sit
In the street of a thousand arseholes
By the sign of the swinging tit

The Ball of Kerrymuir

Oh the Ball, the Ball of Kerrymuir
Where your wife and my wife
Were a-doing on the floor

Chorus >

Singing balls to your partner arses against the wall
If you've never been fucked on a Saturday night
You've never been fucked at all

4 and 20 virgins came down from Inverness
When the ball was over there was 4 and 20 less

4 and 20 prostitutes came up from Glockamore
And when the ball was over, they were all of double bore

The village plumber he was there, he felt an awful fool
He'd come 11 miles or more and forgot to bring his tool

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the ricks
You couldn't hear the music for the swishing of the pricks

The parson's daughter she was there, the cunning little runt
With poison ivy up her arse and thistle up her cunt

The bride was in the kitchen explaining to the groom
That the vagina not the rectum is the entrance to the womb

The blacksmith's brother he was there, a mighty man was he
He lined them up against the wall and fucked them 3 by 3

Now farmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand
And every time he swung around, he circumcised the band

The village postman he was there, the poor man had the pox
He couldn't fuck the ladies, so he fucked the letterbox

Little Jimmy he was there, the leader of the choir
He hit the balls of all the boys to make their voices higher

Now little Tommy he was there but he was only eight
He couldn't fuck the women so he had to masturbate

The vicar's wife well she was there, back against the wall
"Put your money on the table boys, I'm fit to fuck you all"

The village magician he was there up to his favourite trick
Pulling his arsehole over his head and standing on his prick

The village doctor he was there, sitting by the fire
Doing abortions by the score with a piece of red hot wire

The village idiot he was there, up to his favourite tricks
Bouncing on his testicles and whistling through his prick

The district nurse was there as well, she had us all in
fits

Jumping off the mantelpiece and landing on her tits

There was buggery in the parlour, sodomy on the stairs
You couldn't see the dancing floor for the mass of pubic
hairs

The village policeman he was there, the pride of all the
force

They found him in the stables, tossing off a horse

The vicar and his wife were having lots of fun
The parson had his finger up another lady's bum

There was fucking in the kitchen
And fucking in the halls
You couldn't hear the music for the clanging of the balls

The village cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much
So he lined them up against the wall
And fucked them with his crutch

The village athlete he was there, sitting up his pole
Pulling his foreskin over his head
And whistling down the hole

James he played a dirty trick we couldn't let it pass
He showed a lass his mighty prick
Then shoved it up her arse

Doh Rae Me

Joe's a queer, a female queer,
Ray's a feed of fucking shit,
Me myself I'm over here
Far a long way from my pit,
So I think I'll pull my tool,
La's a scouse from Liverpool,
Tea I'd rather have a beer,
That will bring us back to Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe.

(Repeat with dipped notes, then softly getting louder)

Will You Marry Me

If I give you half-a-crown
Will you take your knickers down
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me

If you give me half-a-crown
I won't take my knickers down
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you

If I give you fish and chips
Will you let me feel your tits
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me

If you give me fish and chips
I won't let you feel my tits
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you

If I give you my big chest
And all the money I possess
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me

If you give me your big chest
And all the money you possess
I will marry, marry, marry, marry
I will marry you

Ha, ha, ha, I suppose you think it's funny
You don't want me, you want my fucking money

This Old Hat of Mine

This old hat of mine, the inside is quite new
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather
So I cast this hat aside
For I mean to travel wide
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

This old sweater of mine, the knitting is quite new
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather
So I cast this sweater aside
For I mean to travel wide
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

These old shoes of mine, the leather is quite new
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather
So I cast these shoes aside
For I mean to travel wide
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

This old shirt of mine, the cotton is quite new
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather
So I cast this shirt aside
For I mean to travel wide
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

These old trousers of mine, the denim is quite new
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather
So I cast these trousers aside
For I mean to travel wide
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

These old socks of mine, the wool is quite new
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather
So I cast these socks aside
For I mean to travel wide
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

These old pants of mine, the skidmarks are quite new
The outside it has seen, seen some stormy weather
So I cast these pants aside
For I mean to travel wide
Far across the sea, the sea I mean to wander

Can You Walk a Little Way With It In

Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in,
Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in,
She answered with a smile,
I can walk a fucking mile
With it in,
With it in,
With it in.

The Vicar in the Dockyard Church

The vicar in the dockyard church,
one Sunday morning said
"Some dirty bastard's shit himself,
I'll punch his fucking head"
Then up jumped Jack from the third row back
and he spat a mighty go-o-o-ob
"I'm the one who's shit himself,
you can chew my fucking kno-o-o-ob
You can chew my fucking knob"

The organist played Hearts of Oak,
mixed up with Auld Lang Syne
The preacher then got up and said,
"You have had your fucking time"
The organist walked down the aisle
with his organ on his ba-a-a-ack
Then up jumped Jack and hollered out,
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-a-ack,
You can waltz that bastard back".

A Jenny Wren walked down the aisle
there was a fearful hush
The vicar from the pulpit said
"I think you're bleeding lush"
A matelot staggered down the aisle
with the organ on his back
The vicar from the pulpit said
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-a-ack,
You can waltz that bastard back"

Queen of all the Fairies

Oh she was a cripple with only one nipple
To feed the bastard on
Poor little fucker, he'd only one sucker
To start his life upon

Twenty-one, never been done
Queen of all the fairies

Ain't it a pity she'd only one titty
To feed the bastard on
Poor little bugger, he'll never play rugger
Nor grow up big and strong

Twenty-one, never been done
Queen of all the fairies

And as he got older and bolder and bolder
And took himself in hand
And he flipped and flipped
And flipped and flipped
To the tune of an Army band
They tried him in the infantry
They tried him on the land and sea
The poor little bugger had no success
He left everything in a terrible mess
We see no hope for him unless
He joins the W.R.A.F.

Twenty-one, never been done
Queen of all the fairies

Eskimo Nell

Gather round all you whorey
Gather round and hear this story

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold
And the tip of his prick turns blue
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle
He can tell you a tale or two

So pull up a chair and stand me a drink
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Go forth in search of fun
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the shit
And Mexican Pete the gun

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Are sore, depressed and sad
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt
But the shooting ain't so bad

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek
And such was their luck they'd had no fuck
For nigh on half a week

Just a moose or two and a caribou
And a bison cow or so
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick
This fucking was mighty slow

So do or dare this horny pair
Set forth for the Rio Grande
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick
And Pete with his gun in his hand

And as they blazed their noisy trail
No man their path withstood
And many a bride, her husband's pride
A pregnant widow stood

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande
At the height of a blazing noon
And to slake their thirst and do their worst
They sought Black Mike's Saloon

And as they pushed the great doors wide
Both prick and gun flashed free
"According to sex you bleeding wrecks,
You drink or fuck with me"

They'd heard of the prick called Dead-eye Dick
From the Maine to Panama
And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse
Those dagoes sought the bar

The girls too knew his playful ways
Down on the Rio Grande
And forty whores pulled down their drawers
At Dead-eye Dick's command

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete
Itch on the trigger grip
And they didn't wait at fearful rate
Those whores began to strip

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick
With lecherous snorts and grunts
So forty arses were bared to view
And likewise forty cunts

Now forty arses and forty cunts
If you can use your wits
And if you're slick at arithmetic
Makes exactly eighty tits

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight
For a man with a raging stand
It may be rare in Berkeley Square
But not on the Rio Grande

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few
On the last preceding night
This he had done just to show his fun
And to whet his appetite

His phallic limb was in fucking trim
As he backed and took a run
He made a dart at the nearest tart
And scored a hole in one

He bore her to the sandy floor
And there he fucked her fine
And though she grinned
It put the wind up the other thirty-nine

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick
He's got no time to spare
For speed and length combined with strength
He fairly singses hair

He made a dart at the next spare tart
When into that Harlot's hell
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid
And her name it was Eskimo Nell

By this time Dick had got his prick
Well into number two
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell
She bawled to him "Hey you"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick
And the girl flew over his head
And he wheeled about with an angry shout
His face and his prick were red

She glanced our hero up and down
His looks she seemed to decry
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn
That rose from his hairy thigh

She blew the smoke from her cigarette
Over his steaming knob
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete
He failed to do his job

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell
In accents clear and cool
"You cunt struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp
You call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down"
She sneered to those cowering whores
"There's one little cunt can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's not yours"

She stripped her garments one by one
With an air of conscious pride
And as she stood in her womanhood
They saw the great divide

She seated herself on a table top
Where someone had left his glass
With a twitch of her tits, she crushed it to bits
Between the cheeks of her arse

She flexed her knees with supple ease
And spread her legs apart
With a friendly nod to the mangy sod
She gave him the cue to start

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two
He meant to take his time
And a girl like this was fucking bliss
So he played his pantomime

He flexed his arsehole to and fro
And made his balls inflate
Until they looked like granite knobs
On top of a garden gate

He blew his anus inside out
His balls increased in size
His mighty prick grew twice as thick
Till it almost reached his eyes

He polished it up with alcohol
And made it steaming hot
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob
With a cayenne pepperpot

Then neither did he take a run
Nor did he take a leap
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop
And a steady forward creep

With piercing eye he took a sight
Along his mighty tool
And the steady grin as he pushed it in
Was calculatedly cool

Have you seen the giant pistons
On the mighty C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse
Well, you know what pistons are

Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn
The ins and outs of the trick
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run
By a guy like Dead-eye Dick

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel
As good as a whole harem
With the strength of ten in her abdomen
And the rock of ages between

Amid stops she could take the stream
Like the flush of a watercloset
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood Lock
On the National Safe Deposit

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick
He meant to conserve his powers
If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind
For a couple of solid hours

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile
The grip of her cunt grew keener
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner

She performed this trick in a way so slick
As to set in complete defiance
The basic cause and primary laws
That govern sexual science

She calmly rode through the phallic code
Which for years had stood the test
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools
In a second or two went West

And so my friends we come to the end
Of copulation's classic
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick
And akin to an anesthetic

He fell to the floor and knew no more
His passion extinct and dead
And he did not shout as his prick fell out
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread

The Mexican Pete jumped to his feet
To avenge his pal's affront
With jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt
He rammed it up her cunt

He rammed it up to the trigger grip
And fired three times three
But to his surprise she closed her eyes
And smiled in ecstasy

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet
"Bully" she said, "for you
Though I might have guessed, that that was the best
That you two poor cunts could do"

"When next my friend that you intend
To sally forth for fun
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick
And yourself an elephant gun"

"I'm going back to the frozen North
Where the pricks are hard and strong
Back to the land of the frozen stand
Where the nights are six months long"

"It's hard as tin when they put it in
In the land where spunk is spunk
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream
But a solid frozen chunk"

"Back to the land where they understand
What it means to fornicate
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed
And the babies masturbate"

"Back to the land of the grinding gland
Where the walrus plays with his prong
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair
That's where they'll sing this song"

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail
Where the nights are sixty below
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold
Wrapped up in a ball of snow"

"In the valley of death with bated breath
That's where they'll sing it too
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle
And the rotting corpses screw"

"Back to the land where men are men
Terra Bellicum
And there I'll spend my worthy end
For the North is calling : 'Come'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grande
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick
And Pete with no gun in his hand

A verse of appreciation:

When a man grows old
And his balls go cold
And the end of his cock turns blue
And the hole in the middle
Refuses to piddle
I'd say he was fucked wouldn't you?

Beastiality's Best

Sung to the melody of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down"

Chorus>

Beastiality's best boys, beastiality's best
Shag a wallaby
Beastiality's best boys, beastiality's best

Up the rear of a deer. Under the tail of a snail.
Deep throat with a goat. Make it through with a gnu.
Shove your log up a dog. Up the fanny of a nanny.
Lick the twat of a cat. Shove your willy up a filly.
Do an illegal to an eagle. Intercourse with a horse.
Shoot your load up a toad.
Get your release in a fleece.
Get in deep with a sheep.
Up the anus of a platypus.
Soixante-neuf with a smurf. Have a goose with a moose.
Chuck your sperm up a worm. In a heap with a sheep.
Lick the clit of a nit. Give some cock to a croc.
Up the cunt of a runt. Cunnilingo with a dingo.
Have a frig with a pig. Come from behind with a hind.
Get the pox off a fox. Up the back of a yak.
Go the whole way with a moray. In a tree with a flea.
Have a fuck with a duck. On a train with a crane.
Have a shag with a stag. Have a hug with a bug.
Up the hole of a mole. In the lug of a slug.
Nibble the twat of a rat. In the dark with a shark.
Up the thigh of a fly. Have a shagging with a dragon.
Sixty nine with a swine Fool with the tool of a mule.
Get your oats with some stoats. Up the ass of a bass.
Stick your rod up a cod. Up the spout of a trout.
Up the hole of a sole. Have a screw with a shrew.
Have a rape with an ape. Beat your wick with a stick(insect).
Part the hair of a mare. Ejaculate in a skate.

Gang Bang Song

"Knock, Knock"

"Who's there?"

"Ida"

"Ida who?"

Chorus:

"Ida like another gang bang, oh yes we will
You know a gang bang gives me such a thrill
When I was young and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time
And now I'm old and getting grey
I only gang bang once a day"

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Velkommen"

"Velkommen who?"

"Velkommen to Belgium for another gang bang, etc....
Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Ben"

"Ben who?"

"Bend over for another gang bang etc.....
Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Turner"

"Turner who?"

"Turn over for another gang bang etc.....
Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Sam and Janet" "Sam and Janet who?"

"Sam and Janet evening we'll have a gang bang etc....

Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Eva" "Eva who?"

"Eva had a gang bang etc....

Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Sheila" "Sheila who?"

"Sheila let ya have another gang bang etc....

Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Ivor" "Ivor who?"

"Ivor a longing for a gang bang etc....

Chorus:

"Knock knock" "Who's there?"

"Isabel" "Isabel who?"

"Isabel necessary for a gang bang etc....

Chorus:

Heavy Drinkers

"Sung to the melody of Bread of Heaven"

I know some folks who live in Brussels
And they run with the Mannekin Piss
They were known as MPH3
They were drinkers through and through

Chorus:

Heavy drinkers, heavy drinkers,
And they run a little bit, a little bit,
And they run a little bit

We have an RA, he's a bastard
GM now he's not too bad
ON, On Sex is our Hash Scriber
And Hash Horn is a bit of a lad

Chorus:

Our Hash Cash runs in one direction,
And we know he drives a Merc,
Is this down to the Foreign Office,
Or is it really a Hash House perk

Chorus:

We usually Hash on a Sunday
And we have a fucking great time
We don't resemble the other Hashes
Cos' we absolutely shine

Chorus:

Throwing flour to the right and left
That is how we lay our trail
After the Hash we have Hash business,
That's when we really sink some ale

Chorus:

We hope we don't run out of beer,
Otherwise, what would we do,
Maybe we would have to go running,
And I'm sure that wouldn't suit you

Chorus:

So we ask you, don't forget us,
We are champions in our sport,
The Brussels Mannekin Piss Hash Three
Is our name, and Brussels is our port

Chorus:

Frog Song

Drunk, drunk, drunk, drunk,
Drunk, drunk, drunk, drunk,
Drunk last night, drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight, like I've never been drunk before
For when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the frog family
Oh the frog family is the best family
That ever sailed across the sea,
There's a highland frog and a lowland frog,
A Rotterdam frog and a Yankee frog

Chorus:

Glorious, hey, glorious, hey,
One keg of beer between the four of us,
Singing, Glory be to God that there isn't any more,
Cos' one of us could drink it all alone, damn near

They say that California is a hell of a place to be,
The temperature in the shade is one hundred and forty three
There isn't any women and there isn't any beer,
All there is, is cactus and they stick right up your

They say that Ramsund, Norway is a hell of a place to be,
The temperature in the snow is minus forty three,
There isn't any women and there isn't any beer,
All there are, are ski poles and they stick right up your.....

They say that Poole in Dorset is a hell of a place to be,
The temperature in the rain is only forty three,
There isn't any women and there isn't any beer,
All there are, are poofters and they get right up your.....

Now come listen to me lady, now listen to my song,
Never let a frogman an inch above your knee
He'll take you to his flat and tell you about his job,
Then you'll find you're the mother of a thousand baby frogs

Masturbation Song

Sung to the melody of "Funiculi Funicula"

Last night I contemplated masturbation
It did me good, I knew it would
Tonight I shall repeat the operation
It's my desire, to twang me wire
You should have seen me on the short strokes
It felt so grand, I used my hand
You should have seen me on the long strokes
It felt so neat, I used my feet
Crash it, thrash it, slap it on the floor
Sling it, swing it, trap it in the door
Some people say that fucking's mighty good
But for personal enjoyment, I'd rather pull me pud

Next door she laid and masturbated
It did her good, she knew it would
All night the bed springs they vibrated
She thinks it's canny, to rub her fanny
You should have seen her on the short strokes
It felt so grand when she used her hand
You should have seen her on the long strokes
Around and round and up and down
Eased it, teased it, slid along the floor
Rubbed it, scrubbed it, tickled it to the core
Some people say that being fucked is very grand
But for personal enjoyment
She would rather use her hand

The Bloody Great Kidney Wiper

Based on the melody of "Ghost Riders in the Sky"

The lady of the manor
Was preparing for the ball, for the ball, for the ball
When she saw a bloody tinker
Pissing up against the wall, against the wall, against the wall

Chorus>

With his bloody great kidney wiper
And his balls the size of three
And a yard and a half of foreskin, fiveskin, sixskin
Hanging down below his knees

She wrote him a letter
And in it she did say, she did say, she did say
Well I'd rather be fucked by you Sir
Than my husband anyday, anyday, anyday

He opened up the letter
And when he did read, he did read, he did read
Why his cock began to blister
And his balls began to bleed, began to bleed, began to bleed

He mounted on his charger
And off then he did ride, he did ride, he did ride
With his cock slung over his shoulder
And his balls by his side, by his side, by his side

He rode up to the manor
And strode into the hall, to the hall, to the hall
"God save us", cried the butler
For he's come to fuck us all, fuck us all, fuck us all

First he fucked the upstairs maid
He caught her on the stairs, on the stairs, on the stairs
He fucked her till the friction
Caught alight her curly hairs, curly hairs, curly hairs

Then out into the kitchen
For the cook was now his goal, now his goal, now his goal
He soon unrolled his mighty rod
And thrust it up her hole, up her hole, up her hole

And then he found the downstairs maid
He caught her in the hall, in the hall, in the hall
Then he went and screwed the butler
It was the rudest act of all, act of all, act of all

At last he found the mistress
And flung her on the bed, on the bed, on the bed
Then he dropped his slack and fucked her
Till the poor old bitch was dead, she was dead, she was dead

Some say he went to heaven
Some say he went to hell, went to hell, went to hell
I heard he fucked the devil
And he fucked him bloody well, bloody well, bloody well

Yipee ay a, yipee ay oh.....oh

And a yard and a half of foreskin, fiveskin, sixskin
Hanging down below his knees

Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

The Harems of Egypt are fine to behold
The harlots the fairest of fair
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir

A travelling brothel came down from the North
'Twas run privately for the Tsar
Who wagered a hundred no one could outshag
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

A day was arranged for the spectacle great
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar
And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned
To Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

Old Abdul came in with a snatch by his side
His eye bore a leer of desire
And he started to brag how he would outshag
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

All hairs they were shorn, no frenchies were worn
And this suited Abdul by far
Cos he'd quite set his mind on a fast action grind
To beat Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

They met on the track with pricks at the slack
A starter's gun punctured the air
They were both quick to rise, the crowd gaped at the size
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir

They worked all the night in the pale yellow light
Old Abdul he revved like a car
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat
Of Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun
He bent down to polish the pair
When something red hot up his back passage shot
"Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen"
They were ordered apart by the Tsar
"Twas bloody bad luck for Abdul was stuck
Up Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

The cream of the joke came when they broke
"Twas laughed at for years by the Tsar
For Abdul the fool left half of his tool
Up Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

When I was a young man I carried a pack
And I lived the free life of a rover
From the Murray's green banks to the dusty outback
I waltzed my Matilda all over
Then in 1915 the country said, "Son,
There's no time for roving, there's work to be done"
And they gave me a tin hat and gave me a gun,
And they sent me away to the War
And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As our ship pulled away from the quay,
And amidst all the cheers, the flag waving and tears
We sailed off for Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day
When our blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well
He showered us with bullets and rained us with shell
And in ten minutes flat he'd blown us to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia
And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury the slain
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then we started all over again

They collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed,
These proud wounded heroes of Suvla,
The armless, the legless, the blind and insane,
And shipped us back home to Australia
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
I looked at the place where my legs used to be,
And I thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me,
To grieve and to mourn and to pity
And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway
Nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared
And then turned their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch,
And I watch the parade pass before me,
I see my old comrades how proudly they march,
Reliving old dreams of past glory
And the old men march slowly, their bones stiff and sore,
Tired old men from a tired old war
And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"
And I ask myself the same question
And the band plays Waltzing Matilda
And the old men they answer the call
But year by year the old men disappear
Soon no one will march there at all

Last verse "Sung to the tune of Waltzing Matilda"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard
As you pass by the billabong
Who'll come a Waltzing Matilda with me

The Green Fields of France

Well how do you do? Young Willie McBride
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?
And rest for a while 'neath the warm summer sun
I've been working all day and I'm nearly done
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen
When you joined the great fallen in nineteen sixteen
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean
Or, young Wille McBride was it slow and obscene?

Chorus:

Did they beat the drum slowly?
Did they play the fife lowly?
Did they sound the dead march as they lowered you down?
And did the band play the Last Post and chorus?
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest?

And did you leave a wife or sweetheart behind?
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen
In that faithful heart are you always nineteen?
Or, are you a stranger without even a name?
Enclosed and forever behind the glass pane
Of an old photograph, torn, battered and stained
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame

Chorus:

The sun, now it shines on the green fields of France
There's a warm summer breeze
It makes the red poppies dance
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds
There's no gas, no barbed wire,
There's no guns firing now
But here in this graveyard it's still no-man's land
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
To a whole generation that were butchered and damned

Chorus:

Now young Willie McBride, I can't help but wonder why
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
And did they believe when they answered the call?
Did they really believe that this war would end wars?
Well, the sorrows, the suffering, the glory, the pain,
The killing and dying was all done in vain
For young Willie McBride it all happened again
And again, and again, and again, and again

Chorus:

My Husband

My husband's a butcher, a butcher, a butcher,
And a very fine butcher is he-e-e-e
All day long he stuffs turkeys, he stuffs turkeys, he
stuffs turkeys, and when he comes home he stuffs me.

Chorus>

A-a-a-ll the same, singing hey jig-a-jig,
Fuck a little pig, follow the band, follow the band
With your cock in your hand, singing hey jig-a-jig,
Fuck a little pig, follow the band, follow the band
All the way.

A baker	-	whips cream
An ice cream man	-	licks cones
A hashman	-	lays trails
A builder	-	lays bricks
A scuba diver	-	sucks air
A stamp collector	-	licks stamps
A dentist	-	fills teeth
An oil man	-	drills oil
A pot holer	-	goes down potholes
A Welshman	-	shags sheep
A carpenter	-	screws screws
A steelworker	-	grinds steel
A trumpeter	-	blows trumpets
A taxidermist	-	stuffs animals
A joiner	-	bangs nails
A visa officer	-	bangs passes
A seismologist	-	bores holes

English Country Garden

How many queers can you grab by the ears
In an English country garden
Give me a chew and I will name a few
In an English country garden

Chorus:

Acrchibald and Cederic, Theobald and Frederic,
All got together in a fucking long chain
There were arsehole pains, lots of daisy chains
In an English country garden

How many feeds of arse are in the grass
In an English country garden
Give me a wank and I will be quite frank
In an English country garden

Chorus:

How many inch of dick will make you sick
In an English country garden
Four and a half, don't make me laugh
In an English country garden

Four and five's a sample, six and seven is ample
But what he wants is eight, nine, ten
Give him eleven, and he will be in heaven
In an English country garden

Rig of the Day

Noooh!

The Skipper's wife was first on deck
And she was dressed in pink, Sir
And in the corner of her cunt
She stowed the galley sink, Sir
She stowed the galley sink, Sir
With all the pots and pans
And in the other corner
Were both watches of the hands

Ooooh!

The "Jimmy's" wife was next on deck
And she was dressed in blue, Sir
And in the corner of her cunt
She stowed the whaleboat's crew, Sir
She stowed the whaleboat's crew, Sir
And all their flippin' oars
And in the other corner
Were the Bootnecks forming fours

Ooooh!

The "Paybob's" wife was next on deck
And she was dressed in green, Sir
And in the corner of her cunt
She stowed the beef screen, Sir
She stowed the beef screen, Sir
With block and cleavers too
And in the other corner
Were "B" turret and it's crew

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Who killed Cock Robin?

I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow
I killed Cock Robin

Chorus:

The birds of the air said damn it, sod it, fuck it
When they heard Cock robin had kicked the fucking bucket
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin

Who saw him die?

I, said the fly, with my little eye
I saw him die

Who'll take his blood?

I, said the mole, with my little bowl
I'll take his blood

Who'll dig his grave?

I, said the owl, with my little trowel
I'll dig his grave

Who'll say a prayer?

I, said the rook, with my little book
I'll say a prayer

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the bull, cos' I can pull
I'll toll the bell

The Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town called Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hours sweet happiness
Have I spent in that neat little town
A sad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from my land
Far away from me friends and relations
Betrayed by that Black Velvet Band

Chorus:

Oh her eyes, they shone like diamonds
I thought her the Queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
Well, who should I meet but this pretty fair maid
Come traipsing along the highway
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck, it was just like a swan
And her hair, it hung over her shoulders
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

I took a stroll with this pretty young maid
And saw a gentleman passing us by
Well I knew she meant the doing of him
By the look in her roguish black eye
The gold piece she took from his pocket
And placed it right into me hand
And the very first thing that I said was
Good luck to the Black Velvet Band

Before the Judge and the Jury
Next morning I had to appear
The Judge he says to me, "Young man,
Your case it is proven clear"
He'll give you seven years servitude
To be spent far away from this land
Far away from your friends and relations
Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

So come all you jolly fellows
A warning take from me
When you are out on the town me lads
Beware of the pretty colleens
They'll beat you with strong drink me lads
Till you are unable to stand
And the very first time you will know this
Is you've landed in Van Diemens Land

The Featherlite Song

Sung to the melody of "Eideweiss"

Featherlite, featherlite, electronically tested
Small and bright, pink not white
The best five bob I've invested
All through the night, you can thrust and thrive
Thrust and thrive forever
Featherlite, featherlite, be my safeguard forever

Nellie Hawkins

I first met Nellie Hawkins down the Old Kent Road
Her drawers were hangin' down
Cos' she'd been with Charlie Brown
So I shoved a filthy tanner in her filthy fuckin' hand
And that's where it all began.....2,3,4

I wore no trousers and she wore no blouses
And we both wore no underwear
When she caressed me she damn near undressed me
It's a thrill that no one knows

Went to the Doctor, he said, where did you block her?
I said, down where the green grass grows
He said, quick as a twinkle, that the pimple on your winkle
Will be bigger than a red, red rose

Will somebody up my rhubarb rise?
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise, it refuses to rise,
It refuses to rise
Oh baby, my rhubarb refuses to rise
Cos' my baby don't love me, my baby don't love me
My baby don't love me no more

Will somebody up my rhubarb rise?

Whisky in the Jar

As I was going over Gilgarry Mountain
I met Captain Farrel and his money he was countin'
I produced me pistol and I drew forth me sabre
Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver

Chorus>

Mush a ringum durum da
Whack fol de daddy oh
Whack fol de daddy oh
There's whisky in the jar

The shining golden coins sure did look bright and jolly
I took the money home and I gave it to my Molly
She promised and she vowed
That she would ne'er deceive me
But the devil's in the women and they never can go easy

When I awakened between six and seven
Guards were around me in numbers odd and even
I flew to my pistols but alas I was mistaken
For I fired off my pistols but a prisoner was taken

They put me in jail without Judge or writing
For robbing Captain Farrel up on Gilgarry mountain
But they didn't take my fists so I knocked the sentry down
And I bid a fond farewell to the jail in Sligo Town

Some take delight in fishing and bowling
And others take delight in the carriages a-rolling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courtin' pretty girls in the morning so early

Threshing Machine

T'were down in Dorset or so I hear tell
There lived a young maid and her name it were Nell
Here were fair, aye and handsome and sweet seventeen
And her longed for a ride on me threshing machine

Chorus>

I had 'er, I had 'er, I had 'er, I ay
I had 'er, I had 'er, I had 'er, I ay
I had 'er, I had 'er, I had 'er, I ay
I ups and I tups and I shows her the way

T'were one summer's morning in the merry month of May
When most of the farmers were out making hay
I cocked up me ear and I heard a girl scream
I says, Ah there goes Nell on me threshing machine

Chorus:

T'were one summer's evening in the merry month of June
When most of the farmers were looking at the moon
I said, To the barn now, where we won't be seen
And I'll show you the works of me threshing machine

Chorus:

I opened the barn door and there stood me dream
Her worked on the oil whilst I worked on the steam
T'was wondrous to see through the dust and the grime
And when her come out, t'were more dead than alive

Chorus:

The flywheels and pistons were going around
And then the steam whistle gave an 'orrible sound
I put down me 'and to cut off the steam
But the valve had blown off me threshing machine

Chorus:

Nine months later this baby she bore
The pride of his mother, he was to be sure
And under his napkin could plainly be seen
A brand new two cylinder threshing machine

Chorus:

In Plymouth's Fair City

In Plymouth's fair city, where the gronks are so shitty
And the booze and the taxis are too high to pay
It's there that I met it, My God I regret it
But it was a dead cert to get my end away

Chorus>

As I walked down Union, as I walked down Union
As I walked down Union Street pissed out my head
I looked for a woman, a big buxom woman
I looked for a woman for to jump into bed

It was there that she promised, one night when I got pissed
To go back to her place and do what feels best
But the beer had got to me, so much I felt spewy
And brewer's droop struck me and I felt depressed

When you've got allnighters and you turn up shitters
The worst that can happen is you spew on her floor
And when she starts shoutin', it's time to get out an'
Flannel your way into some other gronk's door

Shit Song I

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses
Covered all over from head to foot
Covered all over in -
Shit, shit, shit, shit

Down in the dungeon six foot deep
Where all the turds lie fast asleep
Some are wet and some are dry
Some don't smell but others, oh my!

There's Dan, Dan the lavatory man
The leader of the shithouse gang
Changing rolls, changing towels
All to the sound of the rumbling bowels

First a silent sigh is heard
Followed by the sound of a sliding turd
Splish, splash in the pan
Singing the shithouse blues

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses
Covered all over from head to foot
Covered all over in shit !

Shit Song II

Sung to the melody of "My Threshing Machine"

There was a young lady from Sauchiehall Street
Who went to the Doctors 'cos she couldn't shit
He gave her some tablets to take it away
She shat all that night and she shat all that day

Chorus:

Tooraloo, tooralay, it's a bloody good song and
It's all about shit

She shat all that night and she shat all that day
The Council sent lorries to take it away
They erected great hoardings to cover the sight
Of those mountains and mountains and mountains of shite

Chorus:

Now Paddy the policeman was out on his beat
He happened to turn into Sauchiehall Street
He heard a strange noise and looked up to the sky
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye

Chorus:

Now Paddy did curse and Paddy he swore
He called that young lady a dirty old whore
And at Princess Street Station you can see Paddy sit
With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

Chorus:

Ligoniel

Sung to the melody of "The Wearing of the Green"

All those who rule this province
How guilty they must feel
For the deaths of three young soldiers
In a ditch at Ligoniel

These soldiers came from Scotland
Two only in their teens
In cold blood they were murdered
While those in power dream

When our own Ulster soldiers
Some serving far away
Receive their sprig of shamrock
I wonder what they'd say

Our own good name is tarnished
This scar will never heal
Perhaps they'll plant a thistle
On that ditch at Ligoniel

It matters not how long they live
They never can conceal
They stood aside while soldiers died
On that ditch at Ligoniel

Our thoughts go to their parents
When on their knees they kneel
And try to paint a picture
Of that place called Ligoniel

It's time we all awakened
For sterner duty call
To clear up all the terrorists
From the Crumlin and the Falls

No good being chicken-hearted
This method will not pay
It's men we need with courage
To deal with the I.R.A.

Side by Side

I got married last Friday, had me wife there beside me
The guests had gone home, we were alone
Side by side

We got ready for bed then, I nearly fell over dead when
Her teeth and her hair, she placed on a chair
Side by side

Her little glass eye to follow
Her wooden leg so small
Along with other attachments
She placed on a chair by the wall

I was so broken hearted, 'cos most of my wife was parted
So I slept on the chair, there was more of her there
Side by side

Sailing

I am sailing, I am sailing, home again, 'cross the sea
I am sailing stormy waters to be near you, to be free

I am flying, I am flying, like a bird, 'cross the sky
I am flying, passing high clouds to be with you, to be free

Can you hear me, can you hear me
Through the dark night, far away
I am dying, forever trying to be with you, who can say?

We are sailing, we are sailing, home again, 'cross the sea
We are sailing stormy waters to be near you, to be free

Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free

Land of Hope and Glory

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned
God make thee mightier yet
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned
Once more thy crown is set
Thine equal laws, by freedom gained
Have ruled thee well and long
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained
Thine Empire shall be strong

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the free
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee
Wider still and wider, shall thy bounds be set
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet

Thy fame is ancient as the days
As Ocean large and wide
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise
A stern and silent pride
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the free
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee
Wider still and wider, shall thy bounds be set
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet
God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet

Maggie May

Oh gather round you sailor boys
And listen to my plea
"Cos when you've heard it you will pity me
"Cos I was a goddamn fool
In the port of Liverpool
The first time that I came home from sea

Chorus>

Oh my darling Maggie May
They have taken her away
And no more down Lime Street will she roam
For the judge he guilty found her
For robbing a homeward bounder
That dirty, robbing no good Maggie May

I was a sailor bound for home
All the way from Sierra Leone
And two pound ten a month had been my pay
As I jingled in my tin, I was sadly taken in
By the lady of the name of Maggie May

When I steered into her I just hadn't a care
I was cruising up and down Old Canning Place
She was dressed in a gown so fine
Like a frigate of the line
And I being a sailorman, gave chase

She gave me a saucy nod and I like a farmer's clod
Let her take me line abreast in tow
And under all plain sail we ran before the gale
And to the Crow's Nest Tavern we did go

Next morning when I awoke I found that I was broke
No trousers, coat or wallet could I find
And when I asked her where
She said "My dear young sir, you'll find them in the
pawnshop number nine"

To the pawnshop I did go, no trousers could I find
So the cops they came and took this girl away
Oh you thieving Maggie May, you robbed me of my pay
It'll pay your fare right out to Botany Bay

She was chained and sent away from Liverpool one day
The lads they cheered as she sailed down the bay
And every sailor lad he only was too glad
They'd sent the old tart out to Botany Bay

Oh, Maggie, Maggie May
They have taken you away
For to stay on Van Dieman's cruel shore
Oh, you robbed many a whaler and many a drunken sailor
But you'll never cruise round Liverpool no more

I Don't Want to Join the Army

I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground
Living on the earnings of a high class lady
I don't need no Froggy women
London's full of girls I never 'ad
I want to stay in Blighty, Lord Gawd Almighty
Following in the footsteps of me Dad

Chorus>

Call up the buggers in the Royal Marines
Call up the Queen's Artillery
Call up me brother, me sister and me mother
But for Gawd's sake don't call me

Monday night I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday night I touched her on the knee
On Wednesday night hooray I pulled her pants away
On Thursday night I go mad Gor Blimey
On Friday night I had my hand upon it
Saturday gave it just a little tweak
On Sunday after supper I rammed the fucker up her
And now I'm paying thirty quid a week
Gorblimey

Chorus:

I don't want to join the Army
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground
Living on the earnings of a high born lady
I don't want a bayonet up me arsehole
I don't want me bollocks shot away
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry England
And fornicate me fucking life away, Gor Blimey

Chorus:

I don't want to join the Navy
I don't want to go to sea
I just want to go down to old Soho
Tickling all the girlies in the umtiddly-um-pum
I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole
I don't want me knackers shot away
I'd rather live in England
Merry, merry England
And fornicate me fucking life away

Pack up your Troubles

Hi! Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile
While you've a lucifer to light your fag
Smile boys, that's the style
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worthwhile, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile

Down at the Old Bull and Bush

Talk about the shade of the sheltering palm
Praise the bamboo tree with its wide spreading charm
There's a little nook down our old Hampstead Town
You know the place, it has won great renown
Often with my sweetheart on a bright Summer's day
To the little pub there my footsteps will stray
If she hesitates when she looks at the sign
Promptly I whisper, "Now do not decline"

Come, come, come and make eyes at me
Down at the old Bull and Bush
Come, come, drink some port wine with me
Down at the old Bull and Bush
Hear the little German band
Just let me hold your hand, dear
Do, do, come and have a drink or two
Down at the old Bull and Bush

In the little parlour on a cold Winter's night
All is very cheerful, so snug and so bright
Nell looks at me, but now not with a frown
She would not change with the Queen and her crown
It was there I first met the joy of my life
She gave her troth and is now my dear wife
Her eyes always glisten when she sees the old sign
So all of you join in a glass of good wine

Come, come, come and make eyes at me
Down at the old Bull and Bush
Come, come, drink some port wine with me
Down at the old Bull and Bush
Hear the little German band
Just let me hold your hand, dear
Do, do, come and have a drink or two
Down at the old Bull and Bush

There is a Tavern in the Town

There is a tavern in the town, in the town
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free
And never, never thinks of me

Chorus >

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee
Do not let the parting grieve thee
And remember that the best of friends must part,
must part
Adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark
And now my love, once true to me
Takes that dark damsel on his knee

Chorus:

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet
And on my breast carve a turtle dove
To signify I died of love

Chorus:

Tipperary

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day
As the streets were paved with gold, sure everyone
was gay
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester
Square
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there

Chorus >

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know
Goodbye Piccadilly! Farewell Leicester Square
It's a long, long way to Tipperary
But my heart's right there

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'
Saying "Should you not receive it, write and let
me know
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear" said he
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the
blame on me"

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O'
Saying "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame
For love has fairly drove me silly-hoping you're the
same!"

The White Cliffs of Dover

I'll never forget the people I met
Braving those angry skies
I remember well as the shadows fell
The light of hope in their eyes
And though I'm far away
I still can hear them say "Thumbs up!"
For when the dawn comes up

Chorus >

There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow, just you wait and see
There'll be love and laughter and peace ever after
Tomorrow, when the world is free

The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again

I may not be near, but I have no fear
History will prove it too
When the tale is told 'twill be as of old
For truth will always win through
But be I far or near
That slogan still I'll hear "Thumbs up!"
For when the dawn comes up

Hello! Hello! Who's your Lady Friend?

Jeremiah Jones, a lady's man was he
Every pretty girl he loved to spoon
Till he found a wife and down beside the sea
Went to Margate for the honeymoon
But when he strolled along the promenade
With his little wife, just newly wed
He got an awful scare when someone strolling there
Came up to him and winked and said:

Chorus >

"Hello! hello! who's your lady friend?
Who's the little girlie by your side?
I've seen you - with a girl or two -
Oh! oh! oh! I am surprised at you
Hello! hello! stop your little games
Don't you think your ways you ought to mend
It isn't the girl I saw you with at Brighton
Who - who - who's your lady friend?

Jeremiah took his wife's mamma one night
Round to see a moving picture show
There upon the screen a picture came in sight
Jeremiah cried, "We'd better go"
For on that picture there was Jeremiah
With a pretty girl upon his knee
Ma cried "What does it mean?" then pointing to
the screen
The people yelled at Jones with glee

Jeremiah now has settled down in life
Said goodbye to frills and furbelows
Never thinks of girls except his darling wife
Always takes her everywhere he goes
By Jove, why! There he is - you naughty boy!
With a lady too - you're rather free
Of course you'll stake your life, the lady is your wife
But tell me on the strict Q.T.

Christmas pantomimes were Jones' chief delight
Once he madly loved the Fairy Queen
There behind the scenes, he spooned with her one night
Someone for a lark pulled up the scenes
And there was poor old Jones upon the stage
With his arm around the lady fair
The house began to roar, from gallery down to floor
Then everybody shouted there

Show me the Way to go Home

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it's going right to my head
No matter where I roam
On land or sea or foam
You can always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone and all the roses falling
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Hearts of Oak

Come cheer up my lads! 'tis to glory we steer
To add something more to this wonderful year
To honour we call you not press you like slaves
For who are so free as we sons of the waves

Hearts of Oaks are our ships

Hearts of oak are our men

We always are ready

Steady boys steady

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again

We ne'er see our foes but we wish 'em to stay
They never see us but they wish us away
If they run, why, we follow, and run 'em ashore
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more

Hearts of oak etc.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes
They frighten our women, our children and beaux
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore

Hearts of oak etc.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em
sweat

In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette

Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and King

Hearts of oak etc.

Don't Dilly-Dally on the Way

We had to move away, 'cos the rent we couldn't pay
The moving van came round just after dark
There was me and my old man
Shoving things inside the van
Which we'd often done before, let me remark
We packed all that could be packed
In the van and that's a fact
And we got all inside all we could get inside
Then we packed all we could pack
On the tailboard at the back
Till there wasn't any room for me to ride

Chorus >

My old man said "Follow the van"
Don't dilly-dally on the way
Off went the van with the home packed in it
I walked behind with my old cock linnet
But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied
Lost the van and don't know where to roam
I stopped on the way to have the old half-quartern
And I can't find my way home

I gave a helping hand
With the marble wash-hand-stand
And straight we wasn't getting on so bad
All at once the car-man bloke, had an accident and broke
Well, the nicest bit of china that we had
You'll understand of course, I was cross about the loss
Same as any other human woman would
But I soon got over that, what with 'two-out' and a chat
'Cos it's little things like that what does you good

Chorus:

Now who's going to put up the old iron bedstead
If I can't find my way home

Oh! I'm in such a mess
I don't know the new address
Don't even know the blessed neighbourhood
And I feel as if I might
Have to stay out all the night
And that ain't a-going to do me any good
I don't make no complaint
But I'm coming over faint
What I want now is a good substantial feed
And I sort o' kind o' feel
If I don't soon have a meal
I shall have to rob the linnet of his seed

Chorus:

You can't trust the specials like the old time coppers
When you can't find your way home

Rule Britannia

When Britain first, at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main
Arose from out the azure main
This was the charter of the land
And guardian angels sang this strain

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall
Must in their turns to tyrants fall
While thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

Still more majestic shalt thou rise
More dreadful from each foreign stroke
More dreadful from each foreign stroke
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame
All their attempts to bend thee down
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame
And work their woe and thy renown

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

To thee belongs the rural reign
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
All thine shall be the subject main
And every shore it circles thine

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

The Muses still with freedom found
Shall to thy happy coast repair
Shall to thy happy coast repair
Blest isle with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves

You'll Never Walk Alone

When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of the storm, there's a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark
Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills

Bring me my Bow of burning gold
Bring me my Arrows of desire
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire

I will not cease from Mental Fight
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land

It Came to Pass

Recital

It came to pass, there was no arse, there was a famine in the land. And Daniel came unto the King, and Daniel sayeth unto the King, "Why is the Queen not a prostitute?" and the King casteth Daniel into the Lion's den.

"Fuck me" said the Queen and no-one moved except a decrepit old courtier, sat in a corner wanking for nigh on fifty years and grabbing hold of her by the lapels of her cunt, pulled her on like a well worn sea-boot.

"Fuck me" said the princess and the (k)night rolled on.

On the first day the King came unto Daniel, and Daniel espying the King from afar, picked up a lump of crystallized camel shit, (as bullshit was not available in those days), let fly hitting the King between the eyes.

"Shit" said the King and the King's word being law in those days, 50,000 arses turned towards the East and splattered the midday sun.

"Stop" said the Queen and the Queen's word also being law in those days 20,000 turds were nipped in the bud.

Nabob the Paybob

Recital

It came to pass, there was no arse and NABOB son of the PAYBOB travelled the road from Pompey to Guzz and he was set upon by bandits, not ordinary bandits, but arse bandits, who ragged him, bagged him and shagged him and left him on the road side gasping for a tickler and they drew lots for his burberry.

The first person to walk past was not a tall man, he was not a short man, he was not a fat man, he was not a thin man but a fucking great JOSSMAN who spat on him and crossed by on the other side.

The next person to walk by was JENNY who came unto NABOB and sayeth "What doest thou here?", and NABOB sayeth "I was travelling along the road from Pompey to Guzz and I was set upon by bandits, not ordinary bandits, but arse bandits who ragged me, bagged me and shagged me and left me on the roadside gasping for a tickler and they drew lots for my burberry. And JENNY sayeth unto NABOB "Dwell with me", and he dwelt.

After forty days and forty nights he came unto the bay of sickness and JENNY sayeth unto him "I am pregnant, what steps wilt thou take?" and NABOB sayeth "Fucking big bastards!!" and disappeared into the wilderness.

Here endeth the lesson.

Sharp Operator

Recital

There was a young lady who swallowed a Blue Gillette razor blade, not only did she suffer a tonsilectomy, an appendectomy and a hysterectomy, but she castrated her husband, circumcised her lover, took two fingers off a casual acquaintance, gave the vicar a hare-lip and still had 5 shaves left.

Beginner's Guide

T is for one, it's only just begun in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for two, i'm telling this to you in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for three, i've got her on my knee, in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for four, now she's on the floor, in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for five, her legs are open wide, in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for six, i'm pulling down her nicks, in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for seven, were fucking up to heaven, in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for eight, the doctor is at the gate, in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for nine , the kids are doing fine, in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for ten, were gonna start again, in the bed room,
the bedroom, de der de de de .
T is for eleven, were going back to seven, in the bedroom,
the bedroom, de der de de de .

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